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THE EGYPTIAN SITUATION.

THE occupation of Damietta, the surrender of its Governor, and the flight of its garrison put an end, as was expected, to the existence of the rebellion as an organized military movement in Lower Egypt. In Upper Egypt it never had occasion to show itself in a belligerent fashion; and, though it would not be wise to take submission there for granted, it is probably the fact, notwithstanding reported ebullitions of anti-English feeling in that quarter. After the disappearance of the last considerable body of rebels in arms, the KHEDIVE has solemnly returned to his capital, and has been received with demonstrations which are neither wanting in significance if they are properly taken, nor yet as significant as they have been thought to be. Loyalty, properly so called, does not exist in the East, where centuries of revolution have established much more firmly than any law could do the principle that it is not wise to refuse allegiance to the king *de facto*. A few months ago the KHEDIVE, having no material power, had no power at all; to-day, having, by means of the English troops, absolute material power, he is practically absolute as far as the Egyptian people are concerned. The Cairo ceremonies are important as a significant demonstration that he has this power, and not otherwise. To complete the list of the more outwardly striking among recent events, the elevation of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY and Sir BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR to the peerage is a fitting reward of careers in each case full of valuable service to the country and crowned in each case by remarkable displays of professional skill. The bombardment of Alexandria and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir were at once the most important and the best-executed operations of war which an English general and an English admiral have been called on to direct for the last quarter of a century. The merit of an operation less brilliant, but not less creditable—the seizure of the line of the Canal—belongs equally to the two commanders and to the two services which they represent.

These outward and partly ornamental events have, however, but little bearing on the real question of the hour, the question what is to be done with Egypt. The answer to that question is not to be given in one word or in one clause; but the first clause of the answer is clear enough. Egypt must be held. It is unfortunate that the rumours of the speedy recall of a large part of the English troops still continue. One unofficial statement sets the number that is to remain at eight thousand men; another (assigning Sir EDWARD MALET's name as the adviser of the course) at ten thousand; and the *Times* makes it twelve thousand. It would have been far preferable that every corner of the country should have been visited by English or Indian troops, and that, if the retention of the whole force in Egypt itself till the conclusion of the settlement be deemed unadvisable, the greater part of it should be transported to Cyprus there to wait for the turn of events. But a force of ten thousand men would certainly be better than a merely nominal garrison. The reorganization of the Egyptian army could not be entrusted to better hands than those of BAKER PASHA, who is not only a competent soldier and an Englishman, but is possessed of exceptional experience in the management of Oriental troops. No country, however, in the present situation of Egypt, can be regarded as out of danger for

some considerable time. There are in the country, besides Bedouins and irregulars, at least fifty thousand disbanded troops, not all of whom have given up their weapons, and some of whom are deeply committed to the personal interests of the leaders of the late rebellion. The evidence against the existence of the so-called national party in Egypt is strong; but it is not so strong as the evidence in favour of the existence of a military party. Now a military party is a thing that dies hard. The usual ties of interest and ambition are supplemented by the habit of discipline, however imperfect it may be, and the inferior members of the faction see in the success of their leaders their own only chance of a congenial livelihood. To employ in the new army or gendarmerie, or whatever it is to be called, persons implicated in ARABI's outbreak, and not to employ them, would be almost equally dangerous. For the former course would lead to trouble within the ranks, and the latter to trouble without them. A very severe punishment of the guilty leaders might, perhaps, strike terror into their accomplices; but the strong efforts now being used to induce the English Government to protect them will not improbably prevail. The singular confusion of mind which modern Radicalism so often exhibits could hardly have found a better example than the parallel which some writers have attempted to draw between ARABI and Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. But with mild sentences passed on the agitators, and with thousands of discontented soldiery abroad, an English garrison of ten thousand men would, supposing there to be no difficulty from foreign nations, be not a man too many to countenance BAKER PASHA's efforts for the re-establishment of the KHEDIVE's material authority.

It would, however, be sheer hypocrisy to affect disbelief of the probability of such a difficulty arising. It may be avoided by intelligence and firmness on the part of the English Government; it will certainly not be avoided if they listen to the advice of some of their partisans. Many very advanced Radicals and some moderate Liberals appear to be chiefly occupied with the notion that an opportunity has been found for curtailing the authority of the anti-human Turk. Mr. BAXTER wishes him to be fined of his tribute; Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID demands that his sovereignty shall be abolished. It would be astonishing (if anything were astonishing in modern politics) that men of business and men of honour should fail to see the gross immorality, as well as the utter folly, of such a proceeding. We have been, up to the conclusion of our operations in Egypt, amicably negotiating with the SULTAN for an exercise of his authority, and we are now asked to declare that that authority does not exist. In other words, we were to acknowledge it while it might be convenient to us (the question whether it might or might not have been so does not touch the argument, being barred by the fact of the negotiations); we are to refuse to acknowledge it when the need is past. But, as usual, the folly surpasses the impropriety. So long, and only so long, as the sovereignty of the SULTAN is left untouched, the arrangements which England may make with the KHEDIVE remain outside of the official cognizance of Europe. The moment that sovereignty is touched, Europe, which has lately claimed, and has had the claim allowed, to have a voice in the disposal of the Turkish Empire, acquires a *locus standi* in the discussion. No doubt notice would and will be taken by the other Powers of whatever modifications are introduced in the state of Egypt. But

attention to such notice, so long as the relations of Egypt to the Porte are not affected, and so long as the private rights of foreign subjects are respected, is a matter of courtesy on the part of England merely. To propose a gratuitous disturbance of those relations at the present crisis is therefore to make as impolitic a proposal as ever proceeded from an amateur statesman. In particular, the feverish eagerness of France to regain the ground lost by her, and the equally feverish eagerness of Italy to acquire ground which she never held, would find a plausible pretext in any such proposal. It is said, though on no very good authority, that Austria and Germany are in no way unfavourably disposed towards England. It would be somewhat surprising if they were, since it is notorious that Mr. GLADSTONE's unfriendliness and incontinence of tongue towards Austria have been the sole cause of the perfectly unnecessary shadow which has fallen between England and the German Powers since Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government left office. But it is not certain that Germany and Austria would actively support any diminution of the SULTAN's sovereignty for the benefit of England, unless they were largely rewarded; and it is certain that France, Italy, and Russia would warmly oppose it. Everything of importance to England in Egypt can be gained without the least disturbance of the nominal relations between KHEDIVE and SULTAN; and, therefore, to act in a sense hostile to Turkey can now do no possible good to English interests, and may do them much harm. The unfriendly manifestations and the troublesome inquiries which are reported from Constantinople are not improbably inventions. If they are not, they are much more likely to owe their origin to the silly Turcophobia of English Radicals than to any actual ill-will of the SULTAN towards England. The Porte may have ceased to be very powerful as a friend; it is still capable of giving much trouble as an enemy.

IRELAND.

IT has been already pointed out that the activity of agitators in Ireland and of their partisans in England is susceptible of more than one interpretation. It may either proceed from the need of expending exuberant strength or from the desire to conceal weakness and impotence. Whichever of the two interpretations may be preferred, it is certain that the last few days have witnessed an ostentatious activity on the part of the agents of disorder across St. George's Channel and their abettors here. Mr. HEALY, the most intellectually able of the whole party, lifts up his voice to prepare Irishmen for the new agitation somewhat less shrilly, but hardly less bitterly, than Mr. O'DONNELL before him. Mr. DILLON alarms his friends, and to some extent puzzles his enemies, by threatening resignation. Mr. DAVITT, who seems to have been bitten with a mania for programmes and platforms, puts forth a whole system of subjects to be urged on and by the people. In England, the text of the expiration of the old (or Mr. FORSTER's) Coercion Act, which has just died, supplies English Radical apologists of anarchy with the starting-point for a pathetic descent on the woes of Ireland under the later and sharper measure of repression which is now in force. "There is a real 'danger,'" we are told, "of this Act being used with a 'violence that was never intended by Parliament'; and certainly if Parliament never intended that murderers should be hanged, it may be acknowledged with thankfulness that the danger is in some sort past praying against. The action of the Compensation Clause, which is probably the most valuable in the whole Act, is also made a subject for remonstrance, and not unreasonably; for, if anything will prevent the disorder so dear to certain minds, this will. The curious ignorance which many English writers display on Irish affairs has rarely been illustrated more happily than by the selection of the FEERICK case as a subject for complaint. For, as it happens, this very case is, according to common report, the strongest possible evidence of the value of a severely enforced compensation system. Mr. FEERICK had long been an object of hatred to the scoundrels who infest Ireland. His murder had been actually planned years ago; but, as the former Peace Preservation Act which Mr. GLADSTONE allowed to expire, and which also contained a Compensation Clause, was in force, the assassins, reflecting that they would have to pay for the slaughter, refrained from it. This was matter of common notoriety. A few months after the Act expired

FEERICK was murdered. The moral hardly needs to be further drawn.

Lord SPENCER's recent conduct, however, makes it altogether unnecessary and unfair to suppose that he will in any way relapse into the fatal ways of lenity, and until signs of such a relapse are given it is but just to suppose that the powers given by the law will be unsparingly used. If the resident magistrates keep before them the sentiment recently expressed by one of their number, that "punishment must be sharp and decisive and follow closely on 'the crime'; if the Judicial Commissions, ordinary and extraordinary, do their work as thoroughly as that over which Mr. Justice LAWSON lately presided; and if the superior authorities abide by the practice of enforcing sentences in every instance, the grosser forms of outrage will probably disappear for a time. The fault of Mr. FORSTER's Act was, not that it was bad in itself, but that it did not go far enough, and that it was not judiciously executed. With its successor there is little fault to find, and it is, on the whole, well suited to the peculiarities of Ireland. Merciful laws there make merciless criminals; and as the source of almost all Irish crime is greed, punishment in purse as well as in person (still more punishment in purse when punishment in person is unluckily impossible) is the most scientific and thorough method of dealing with the evil. The much talked-of resignation of Mr. DULLON may not improbably connect itself with this bad prospect for outrage. Mr. DILLON has gone nearer than any of his colleagues towards taking Moonlighters under his direct protection, and it is not surprising that some critics have seen in his withdrawal a probable intention on the part of those colleagues to discourage their more impulsive friends. The reported intention to indulge in elaborate obstruction when Parliament meets next month may well seem tame to the fiery soul of the member for Tipperary. Nor is it at all improbable that the Kilmainham Treaty (in which, it must be remembered, he was not directly concerned) has weighed on Mr. DILLON's soul, which, if not an extraordinarily wise, is a transparently honest one. To the person chiefly concerned on the Irish part in that treaty action which may inconvenience the Ministry, and yet not involve serious consequences, might be more grateful. He has had no Tel-el-Kebir to gild the rather dingy bargain of last spring, as the other high contracting party has. But these things are merely speculative, and the simple and undoubted fact that Mr. DILLON has never been a man of strong health, and that his health is not likely to have been strengthened by his imprisonment, may be sufficient to account for the step he has taken, or proposes to take. Those persons, however, who flatter themselves that Irish matters, should they present themselves in October, will be peremptorily brushed away may be reckoning without their host. There is no constitutional pretext for limiting a Session of Parliament to the consideration of a single measure, even if that measure be Mr. GLADSTONE's own. That this last argument will be advanced is, however, probable from the POSTMASTER-GENERAL's speech at Hackney. The world has been accustomed to expect something better from Mr. FAWCETT than the remark that things must be right because they are in Mr. GLADSTONE's hands; and, after making all allowances for the awkward position of a Minister who is not in the Cabinet, the remark can hardly be considered as anything but a proof of the complete demoralization of the Radical party. In the same speech which contained this deference to RIMMON, Mr. FAWCETT had some very sensible things to say on Ireland; though here again the tyrannous force of party cant manifested itself. Mr. FAWCETT must needs once more echo the parrot phrase, on the folly of which Lord CARNARVON dwelt in his speech of Thursday last, about "centuries of 'misgovernment.' It would be satisfactory if Mr. FAWCETT, who is a reasonable man and a political economist, would indicate some possible connexion between any number of centuries of any kind of misgovernment and the fact that thousands of Irish tenants occupy holdings on which, even if they paid no rent whatever, it is impossible for them to live.

It is not, however, to be denied that the most important recent event in relation to Ireland is the promulgation of Mr. DAVITT's Twelve Points. A positive and grave difference between him and Mr. PARNELL is reported on this subject, but of that report it is impossible to estimate the value. Mr. PARNELL may be right in deprecating disturbance while the farmers are digesting their recently

secured prey; Mr. DAVITT may be right in believing that the complete success of the agitation of two years ago justifies the setting on foot of another. His new scheme is certainly thorough. The National and Industrial Union is, if it ever exists, to be one of the most highly organized of such bodies. Its central executive is to put out feelers into every corner of the land, by means of provincial, county, electoral district, and parochial organizations. It is to be combined with a Co-operative Land Association, which is doubtless to bid defiance to Mr. KAVANAGH's. The twelve points to be urged by it cover the widest possible range. They present, however, the blemishes of a rough draft. Some of them are of the utmost breadth and vagueness, others limited and precise. The first is "the complete abolition of the Land-law system," on which Mr. GEORGE and Mr. DEVOY, Mr. HEALY and Mr. PARNELL himself would all place different meanings. It groups oddly with the second and third—the amelioration of the condition of the labourers, and the provision of better dwellings for the people. The industrial points consist in the development of manufactures, of fisheries, of agriculture, and the furnishing of funds by co-operation for this last purpose. The improvement of technical education and the cultivation of the Irish language come next; and, lastly, repeal, abolition of the grand jury system, and local government improvement. As the Union may not be abolished to-morrow or next day, Mr. DAVITT would in the interim agitate for an extended franchise and for payment of members. At first sight Mr. PARNELL's hesitation seems to be justified by the inordinately comprehensive character of this scheme. But it must be remembered that DAVITT's remarkable success with the Land League gives him some title to respect as a judge of agitation. He has since got into a false groove by listening to Mr. HENRY GEORGE, and his present schemes appear too grandiose to be practical. But it is not at all certain that he may not succeed in making something practical out of them. The course which ought to be pursued towards him and his friends is clear. It is simply one of watchful severity. Agitation is not likely soon, if ever, to perish out of the land of Ireland; but it can only be made formidable by neglect, misplaced indulgence, and cant on the part of those to whom Irish government is entrusted.

COMMUNIST PROJECTS.

THE Trade-Unions Congress, like all previous meetings of the kind, has falsified the complacent assurance of its flatterers that it would confine its deliberations to the direct interests and the proper business of its members or its constituents. Even if it had not transgressed its professed limits, it would have had little claim to admiration or sympathy. An association which has for its avowed object the exclusive advantage of a single class almost necessarily partakes of the nature of a conspiracy. Trade-Unions have never made a secret of their antagonism to employers, and it must be admitted that their deliberations are conducted with extreme candour. They affect no regard for the rights or the welfare of any other portion of the community; and in some instances their corporate selfishness, operating like the same vice in individual persons, induces them to favour measures which would probably be injurious to themselves. There must be a point at which additions to the cost of labour limit production by rendering industry unprofitable. If employers were made legally responsible for all casualties which might occur in their works, those who are engaged in comparatively dangerous occupations might probably be compelled to transfer their capital to some other business. Another instance in which the workmen, and their instructors, may perhaps mis-calculate the tendency of their demands is furnished by the proposal to abolish the compulsory payment of small debts. It could scarcely be for the interest of workmen, whose incomes are often precarious or intermittent, that tradesmen should refuse credit, or charge high rates of profit to cover additional risk. The old system of imprisonment for debt was vicious in many ways; and especially because process against the property of the debtor was not exhausted before recourse was had to his person. DICKENS's characteristic shallowness was oddly illustrated by his selecting as proof of the hardship of the law, an imaginary debtor of ample fortune, who contumaciously refused to pay damages awarded by a Court of competent

jurisdiction. If Mr. PROKWICK had flourished forty years later, he would have been compelled to pay his debt, instead of being allowed to prefer the alternative of imprisonment. Security for petty creditors is now provided through the power of the County Court judge to enforce the discharge of undisputed liabilities by the appropriation of a reasonable portion of the wages of the debtor. It is true that some social theorists incline on plausible grounds to discourage by legislation all trading on credit; but it may be doubted whether their conclusions would be confirmed by practical investigation of the relations between small shopkeepers and artisans.

It may be readily admitted that the liability of employers in cases of accident, the machinery by which small debts are recovered, and the promotion or discouragement of the system of apprenticeship, whether questions of the kind are discussed on general grounds or with exclusive regard to the interests of a single class, concern the members of Trade-Unions. Their resolutions are not likely to coincide with the general interest, but their debates are so far instructive that they are conducted with the aid of special, though imperfect, knowledge. Unfortunately, every Congress is attended by demagogues who take the opportunity to obtain the sanction of the assembled delegates to subversive political doctrines. The temper of a body which is principally engaged in the endeavour to benefit workmen at the expense both of capitalists and of consumers is naturally favourable to any scheme of spoliation which may be suggested by designing agitators. In the United States and on the Continent of Europe, Socialist emissaries find a ready hearing when they propose the suppression of accumulated capital, and the distribution among workmen of the property of employers, which is conventionally described as the instrument of labour. In countries where the land belongs to small freeholders, who would to a man fight for their possessions, the most unscrupulous demagogues fear to offer artisans the farms which are already occupied. For a similar reason, and also because the Americans have a high average of intelligence, the managers of Labour Societies and of similar organizations direct their attacks almost exclusively against personal property. The Trade-Unions Congress at Manchester may claim the questionable credit of having been the first body of the kind which has, by a unanimous vote, approved of wholesale robbery in the form of confiscation of land.

The subject was introduced by a Mr. SIMMONS, who is well known as a principal leader of the Labourers' Union. Either in the comparative good faith of utter ignorance, or perhaps with a just appreciation of the capacity, the knowledge, and the fairness of his auditors, Mr. SIMMONS proposed a general inquiry into the titles of landowners, evidently for the purpose of dispossessing the actual holders by attacking them in detail. It has been his principal business to promote combinations of labourers against the tenant-farmers who are their immediate employers, and he now coarsely denounces the Land Commission because its Report includes the perfectly true statement that the labourers have been almost entirely unaffected by the late agricultural depression. There is no doubt that one of the causes of the heavy losses suffered by farmers and landowners is the increased price and diminished efficiency of labour. Mr. SIMMONS indeed, and one or two other members of the same class, gave evidence before the Commission to a contrary effect; but the great preponderance of testimony justifies the language of the Report. Having failed to persuade an impartial tribunal that agricultural labourers have special grievances to urge, Mr. SIMMONS seems to think it possible to buy over the farmers to the side of his clients by a gigantic bribe. He informed the Trade-Unions Congress, and no member questioned the accuracy of the statement, that the farmers are taxed to the amount of five or six millions a year for the support of the Established Church. He therefore proposed that tithes should be summarily abolished, on the assumption that tenant-farmers would reap the whole profit of the removal of the burden. It might have been expected that, even in a Trade-Unions Congress, some critic would be found to object that the tithes, even if they were alienated from the Church, could not possibly be claimed by the owners of the soil, and still less by the temporary occupiers. The tenants contribute no portion of the tithes, and the landowners have bought or inherited their estates subject to the

annual charge. It was enough for the Congress that an agitator sought to plunder owners of property for the benefit of supposed claimants who have no shadow of right. Their apparent approval of Mr. SIMMONS's audacious fallacies furnishes an instructive comment on the promise of eager sycophants that the Congress would not digress into political topics. Their alleged abstinence had already been illustrated by the demand that a number of members of the House of Commons, exclusively representing the working class, should be maintained at the public expense. If the proposals of the Congress were to become law, landowners would be taxed for the maintenance of members who would be pledged to wholesale robbery of their unfortunate paymasters.

If the issue of the future appropriation of tithes had been separately raised, Mr. SIMMONS might perhaps have obtained the sanction of the Congress to his generous proposal of granting a boon to tenant-farmers; but a more comprehensive project of spoliation proved to be still more acceptable. On the motion of another delegate the Congress passed a resolution in favour of the so-called nationalization of the land. The meaning of the phrase, as expounded by the American agitator who seems to have visited England because he found no support at home, is the confiscation by the State of the whole rental of the land. Investors who, trusting to the law and to the public good faith, have purchased land, are, according to the vote of the Congress, to be summarily reduced to beggary, without either fault on their own part or reasonable claim by the taxpayers who are to succeed to their rights. It seems to be assumed that occupiers will be unaffected by the change, inasmuch as they will still be liable to payment of rent. The foolish or fraudulent pretext of a tendency to increase the produce of the land by a transfer of the right of ownership is therefore disregarded. Like a ROBIN HOOD put into commission, the Congress undertakes to rob those who are supposed to be rich for the partial benefit of the poor. It is of course obvious that personal property would follow the fate of land, and that the Manchester resolution involves the whole principle of communism. A reckless and perhaps half-conscious condemnation of the chief institution on which society rests is not likely to have for the present any practical operation; but the leaders of the Trade-Unions Congress must expect that their assent to political innovations of the wildest kind will reflect discredit and suspicion on their opinions as to matters with which they are specially concerned. Parliament will have received notice that the modification of the Employers' Liability Act is demanded by the same body which sanctions promiscuous robbery, or universal communism. Such assemblages cannot be prohibited, but their proposals are by their own act deprived of all title to respect. Even the deferential apologist of the Congress in the *Times* mildly complains that the vote for confiscation of the land was not preceded by a sufficient number of declamatory speeches. Few other critics will regret the absence of inflammatory appeals to the covetousness of an unscrupulous audience.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

M. DE LESSEPS is not generally supposed to love the English nation, and it may be admitted that he would be more than human or less than French if he did. Independently of the fact that, like almost all Frenchmen who have had to do with the East, he has apparently had the semi-legendary glory of DUPLEX before him, and has seemed bent on establishing not merely a commercial enterprise but a French military colony in the Roman sense, he has found himself from the beginning in one way or another opposed to England, and has generally got the worst of the struggle. He was not, indeed, defeated in his main purpose of making the Suez Canal. But by the successful working of English diplomacy he was deprived—it is true, at the cost to the unlucky Egyptians of no small money compensation—of the finest flowers of that extraordinary prerogative with which the shortsightedness or greed of the immediate ruler of Egypt had endowed him. When the Canal was made, it was England, and not France, that reaped the chief benefit from it; and seven years ago England by a sudden financial stroke was enabled to acquire a position in regard to the Canal itself which can hardly have been

agreeable to M. DE LESSEPS. Lastly, and within these few weeks past, M. DE LESSEPS's work has served materially to facilitate the political and military designs of England, and has been the occasion—it is true the gratuitous occasion—of a very mortifying check and ruffle to his own self-love. In all these things an impartial inquirer would scarcely find England in the wrong; but M. DE LESSEPS is not likely to see the matter in this light. There is no doubt that he sincerely believes that he himself is a very badly treated man, and that the agent of the ill treatment has been nothing else than selfish and perfidious England.

Yet M. DE LESSEPS could not have done a greater favour to England than by writing the letter to the *Times* which that journal printed on Wednesday. The merely controversial advantage which the looseness of his statements and the singularly unfortunate choice of his arguments give to his opponents is a matter of very subordinate importance. For, without any disrespect to a man of talent and even genius, it must be said that the case of England *v.* M. DE LESSEPS is not one which most Englishmen would think worth the arguing out. It is certainly surprising that the President of the Suez Canal Company should be apparently ignorant of the dates up to which the interest on a vast amount of the capital of the Company is dormant or pledged. It is odd that he should think the detachment of coupons sufficient to reduce proprietary rights in the shares to abeyance. In representing the formation of a second Canal as barred by his own concession, he seems to forget that that concession specifies not the Gulf of Suez *simpliciter*, but the connexion of the Gulf of Suez and the Pelusiac Gulf, and that therefore a second Canal, say from Alexandria to Suez, would be in no way forbidden by it. His appeal to his firmans and his by-laws gives results very different from those which he seems to take for granted. But these points are, as has been said, merely controversial and forensic. What is politically important is the view which M. DE LESSEPS evidently takes of the position of his Company—a view which, as recent events have shown, nothing but *force majeure* has prevented him from putting in practice, and which, it may be added, he would have had more plausible grounds for maintaining if the steady resistance of England, and especially of Lord PALMERSTON, had not procured the modification, by the SULTAN's authority, of the original exorbitant concessions. The whole difficulty of the Egyptian question is reducible, in the long run, to the loose and anomalous views which are commonly entertained on the Continent, and to some extent in England also, of the status of the Turkish Empire generally, of the relations of Egypt in particular to Turkey, and of the relations of the subjects of European Powers to the authorities of both those countries. The Suez Canal, as conceived by its founder, is the most glaring instance of the effect of these views, and it happens also to be that one which most nearly touches the interests of England. By setting forth, if only in the way of implication, his ideas on this subject, M. DE LESSEPS has given a valuable reminder to those who are now engaged in overhauling the relations of England with Egypt of the dangers against which they have to guard.

In the conception of the Canal property which M. DE LESSEPS succeeded in getting embodied to a great extent in the original concession, and which (though it is plainly at variance with the only ratification of that concession admissible by international law) he evidently still maintains, two peculiarities are visible. The one is that the notion of a commercial concession, conveying commercial advantages only, is mixed up with the idea of a fief conveying political rights. The second is that, by a still stranger confusion of ideas, M. DE LESSEPS seems to think that a Khedive of Egypt or a Sultan of Turkey can convey, not only sovereignty, but inviolability. In other words, the KHEDIVE or the SULTAN is able to convey to M. DE LESSEPS what neither Khedive nor Sultan, neither King nor Kesar, of any country in the world could challenge for himself. Although no such thing has been done for a long time, it is consistent with political theory and historical practice that the Queen of ENGLAND with the consent of Parliament, or the Czar of RUSSIA with the consent of nobody at all, should delegate their sovereign rights over a portion of their dominions for a longer or shorter time, and to the full extent to which the grantor possesses those rights. But neither QUEEN nor Czar could make the exercise of those rights inviolable by third

parties, themselves sovereign. Yet this is what M. DE LESSEPS appears to claim in his own case. What is more, he claims to exercise rights reserved to the KHEDIVE against the KHEDIVE himself as represented by his allies. Here the dilemma becomes hopeless. Either Sir GARNET WOLSELEY was or was not at war with the KHEDIVE or the SULTAN or both. If he was at war with them, no concession granted by them could be valid against him; if he was their ally, he was empowered to exercise the rights to them reserved. M. DE LESSEPS tries to avoid both horns, and M. DE LESSEPS is only the most remarkable example of a whole class of claimants who ring the changes on the fact of their being subjects of some European Power, and the fact of their having in this way or that obtained from the Porte or its representatives concessions, capitulations, and what not, which are incompatible both with international law and with rational politics. It is the conflict and competition of these claims which has hitherto made Egypt, diplomatically and economically speaking, a puzzle and a scandal. The preposterous demands urged in connexion with the bombardment of Alexandria are the youngest, as the Lessepsian conception of the rights of the Canal Company is among the oldest, fruits of the same general ideas. No doubt the task of reducing these and similar claims to some condition compatible with international law and justice, with vested interests, with the sovereignty of the Porte, with the administrative independence of the KHEDIVE, and with the material predominance of English claims over Egypt as a thoroughfare, is no light one. But the undertaking has been begun, and it is impossible that a better opportunity can ever be found of carrying it through. Every European nation is interested, though none so deeply as England, in maintaining the Suez Canal as an open commercial route. But no nation can be interested in the retention by the Canal Company of a fantastic and imaginary sovereignty which is neither responsible for its duties nor competent to support its rights. In readjusting affairs many pretensions will have to be humbled and many greedy claims will have to be rejected. In particular, it is not easy to see what pretext France has, after her recent conduct, for demanding any further influence in Egypt, beyond the right of seeing that those of her subjects who are creditors of the country are not defrauded of their due—a right which, strictly speaking, comes to little more than that of appointing an auditor. The inflation of this right into a claim to an equal share in that disposition of Egyptian affairs (subject to the retention of the existing relations of the KHEDIVE and the Porte) which recent events have imposed upon England, is not unlike the inflation by M. DE LESSEPS of his merely commercial monopoly into a kind of sacrosanct feudal sovereignty for which it would be difficult to find any parallel, ancient or modern. It is easy to dismiss this claim as absurd, but it must be remembered that it might not always be so harmlessly urged as it has been recently.

SPANISH GRIEVANCES AGAINST ENGLAND.

THE unfriendly answer of the Spanish Minister to Lord GRANVILLE's recent overtures for an arrangement preparatory to a commercial treaty has been followed by violent newspaper attacks on the English Government and nation. It might be a useful, though painful, task to study the causes of the apparent unpopularity of England on the Continent. It is remarkable that the countries which seem to have the smallest reason for ill-will sometimes display the bitterest animosity. Italy, Spain, and Portugal, which have no interests conflicting with those of England, compete with one another in the use of hostile language as often as any diplomatic difference arises in the course of occasional negotiations. The Italian journals, indeed, have not even the pretext of any pending political controversy to account for the furious vituperation which has attended English policy in Egypt. Some months ago both Parliamentary parties in Portugal suddenly repudiated their professed opinions, because the Government proposed to fulfil its obligations under a treaty relating to an insignificant territorial arrangement in South Africa. Spanish politicians seem at the present moment to have persuaded themselves that their Government is wronged or affronted by Lord GRANVILLE's unwilling acquiescence in the rejection by the Spanish

Government of his conciliatory offers. There would be a better excuse for loss of temper on the English side; but it is the business of Ministers for Foreign Affairs, and of the diplomats whom they employ, to subdue or conceal even justifiable irritation. Among Ministers of the last generation, Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL sometimes caused natural offence by their habit of administering lectures to Spain and to other Powers of secondary rank; but many years have passed since English Secretaries of State assumed offensive airs of superior knowledge and virtue. In modern times they deserve the credit of ordinarily maintaining the forms of passionless diplomacy. In transactions with Russia, with Turkey, and even with France, it is sometimes difficult to avoid burning questions. Spain has always been treated with respect and courtesy, in spite sometimes of considerable provocation. It is not a little surprising that the greatest maritime and commercial Power, being also the principal customer of Spain, should at this moment be deliberately excluded from the privileges of the most favoured nation.

The pretext for differential duties on English imports is, as is well known, the alleged preference of French wines to Spanish under the legislation of 1860. It is asserted that the sudden rise of duty on wines above the alcoholic standard of 26° has excluded the lighter Spanish wines from the English market; and to a certain extent there may perhaps have been some cause for dissatisfaction. Spanish wine-growers not unnaturally refuse to take into consideration the palliating circumstance that their products are largely imported into France for the purpose of fortifying the thinner growths of claret which are eventually consumed in England. They are equally deaf to the argument that the English scale of duties is not differential in respect of the origin of wines, as it applies equally to the products of all countries, including the English colonies in Australia and South Africa. There is some force in the answer that it matters little whether differential rates are nominally based on geographical or on chemical distinctions. Every Spaniard, though he may have nothing to do with the wine trade, is firmly convinced that Mr. COBDEN, in concluding the Commercial Treaty of 1860, was determined for some mysterious reason to benefit France at the expense of Spain. It has even been suggested that there has been a secret agreement by which the preference given to French wines was to be maintained and perpetuated. As the grievance is founded on the relative advantages respectively afforded to French and Spanish wines, arguments based on the increase of exports from Spain to England since the conclusion of the treaty are rejected as irrelevant. Mr. MORIER, the able and experienced representative of England at Madrid, states, in a letter to the Spanish MINISTER OF FINANCE, that between 1860 and 1870 the importation of Spanish wines into England increased by 100 per cent. It is contended on the other side that the increase is in wines of medium quality, and that the lighter sorts are excluded, or at least discouraged. Few persons, except those who are commercially or officially familiar with the subject, are competent to judge of the fairness of the present alcoholic scale; but students of Mr. GLADSTONE's character and manner have sometimes conjectured that his preternatural minuteness of technical knowledge has in this matter interfered with perfect impartiality of judgment. He always speaks of the alcoholic test with a certain dogmatic conviction which inspires rather suspicion than confidence. To the ordinary mind it is not obvious that all alcoholic liquors should be taxed in exact proportion to their strength; but it would be presumptuous for the ignorant to assume that a master of financial and statistical knowledge is theoretically in the wrong. The question is now open to discussion, inasmuch as the English Government lately proposed a preliminary admission of Spanish wines of 28° at the shilling duty.

Under recent Spanish legislation, a comparatively moderate tariff has been established, subject to the condition that it only applies to countries which have commercial treaties with Spain. The consequence is that in a short time English produce will not be admitted into Spain except at differential rates of duty. Notwithstanding the just discredit into which commercial treaties have lately fallen, the English Government offers no objection to negotiations for a treaty; but its overtures are encountered by a demand for the redress of two main grievances, consisting of the alcoholic test, and of the practice of smuggling from Gibraltar to the neighbouring Spanish

ports. It may be remarked that the contraband trade is exclusively conducted by Spanish subjects, and that the local Custom House authorities probably connive at the evasion of fiscal law. The complaints of the Spanish Government are nevertheless intelligible, and to a certain extent well founded. Under charters dating from the time of Queen ANNE, Gibraltar is a free port; and it is almost impossible to prevent smugglers from profiting by the high duties charged at Spanish ports. The English Government is willing to diminish the irregularity as far as possible; and Lord NAPIER of Magdala, now Governor of Gibraltar, has exercised constant vigilance in preventing the export of contraband goods. In ordinary cases the protection of a Customs revenue exclusively concerns the Government which levies the duties. No English Government in former times asked for the aid of French authorities in contending with the contraband trade in brandy, lace, or silk. The circumstances of Gibraltar are peculiar, and the English Government accordingly has never repudiated interference with Spanish smugglers whom their own Custom House officers fail to control. The English Government, for good reasons, objects to mixing up the question of smuggling with the stipulations of a commercial treaty. The two subjects are altogether distinct, and it would be extremely inconvenient that possible violations of provisions relating to contraband trade should furnish a pretext for imposing additional duties on imports. In conformity with the recommendations of Mr. MORIER, Lord GRANVILLE instructed him to offer new securities by means of police supervision against contraband trade from Gibraltar. He was also willing to promise an immediate relaxation of the alcoholic test by the substitution of 28° for 26°, with a well-founded confidence in the readiness of the House of Commons to confirm any relaxation which may be approved by Mr. GLADSTONE. Both concessions were to precede the negotiations for the treaty. The offer was fully explained in an elaborate and well-reasoned letter from Mr. MORIER to the MINISTER of FINANCE. If the document has any fault, it may perhaps be open to the criticism that its arguments are too conclusive to be uniformly acceptable. Mr. MORIER remarks that the whole volume of English trade in 1880, including both imports and exports, amounted to 700,000,000l., while the Spanish contribution to the total amount is less than 14,000,000l., of which 3,222,000l. are exports from England to Spain. It is, as Mr. MORIER truly says, unreasonable to expect that customers for 1½ per cent. of our exported goods should obtain concessions detrimental to English interests by threats of continued injustice. Such attempts would only embitter political relations, and they would probably tend to diminish the consumption of Spanish wines in England. Mr. MORIER's argument is perhaps unanswerable; but it is scarcely as well calculated to persuade a prejudiced opponent as to convince an impartial judge. The result of the correspondence has not been satisfactory. The MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS, to whom Mr. MORIER had communicated the letter addressed to his colleague of the Finance Department, peremptorily and with little show of courtesy declined the offer of preliminary concessions. Lord GRANVILLE consequently intimated his intention of leaving the condition of things at Gibraltar as it stood; and of course the reduction of the alcoholic standard will remain open for further consideration. It is in consequence of this communication that the Spanish newspapers denounce England as an enemy, and recommend the practical prohibition of English goods. The English Government cannot charge itself with any responsibility for a wholly one-sided quarrel.

SOCIAL SCIENCE TALK.

THE Social Science Congress has suffered not a little from being overtalked. There are so many other meetings doing the same sort of thing that it is impossible to pay much attention to any one in particular. Even in Nottingham the interest taken in the Association is very languid—largely, as it would appear, because the suggestion of scientific profundity contained in the word "economics" has frightened the tradesmen of the town. The working-men are more indifferent even than the shopkeepers, and not unnaturally. There is very little satisfaction to be got out of being instructed on the views they ought to take of life when they have a Congress of their own in which to speak up for themselves. They have not lost much by

their inattention, culpable as it probably seems to the Social Science Association. A less profitable employment of time than listening to Don AETURO MARCOARTU lecturing on the conditions which make a nation a great Power, or to discussion as to whether a taste for the beautiful ought to come before a professor of the fine arts, or the professor ought to produce a taste for the beautiful, could scarcely be imagined. Of course all the speeches are not of this calibre. In the forbiddingly named section of Economics Professor BONAMY PRICE had a great deal to say on Fair Trade and the Bimetallists, which, if it could not be very new, was undoubtedly very true. But there is not blood enough in the debate over the double standard to give it life, and Fair Trade is as dead as the No-Popery enthusiasms of last century. Besides, we should imagine that everybody must be conscious by this time of the uselessness of further demonstrations of the value of Free-trade. It is accepted in England, not because either men of business or workmen generally appreciate the economical arguments for it, but because the only thing which could be taxed with even a superficial appearance of profit to anybody is food, and that the overwhelming majority of the nation would never allow for reasons of a wholly unphilosophical character. Our Free-trade is a blessing we owe to geography as much as we do the power to dispense with a conscription.

Although the wind has been somewhat taken out of its sails by the Congress at Newcastle, the Association has had more that is of real interest to say on the subject of health than on anything else. Perhaps because it knew that the whole question was to be threshed out elsewhere, it has confined itself almost entirely to one subordinate consideration, whether doctors ought or ought not to be required by law to notify to some public authority all cases of infectious disease which come under their notice. The question is not a new one, but the discussions at Nottingham have brought forward some fresh evidence to assist the public in arriving at a decision. The *Times*, in one of its curious periodical outbreaks of declamation, has denounced the opponents of the proposed compulsory notification as mere sentimentalists who drag the liberty of the subject into matters with which it has nothing to do. An examination of the proceedings of the Association last Monday will show, however, that the opposition was by no means wholly based on sentiment. A certain amount of it there was, no doubt—frequency of insignificant speech distinguishes all congresses; but there was good sense too. Nobody claimed for the British subject the liberty to poison his neighbour; but it was pointed out that compulsory notification would not necessarily produce any beneficial effects, and might do the reverse. In Edinburgh, where, by a municipal regulation, it has been in force for some years, there has been no consequent diminution of disease. Nor is there any obvious reason why disease should diminish, since nothing seems to follow on the notification except increased accuracy and fulness of statistics. The conditions which produce disease are not affected in any way by the fact that a Health Officer is told the sickness is there. Unless the notification by the doctor is to be followed by compulsory isolation of the patient, it will be a mere formality. It is the consequences which would follow on the report of the doctor that give the question all its difficulty. If the Health Officers were empowered to act on it, the fear of them might well make the poorer class of patients unwilling to call in the doctor at all, or, what is equally bad, might cause them to apply to a class of practitioners who might be trusted to find a convenient name for their illness. Compulsory isolation of the patient would mean starvation, or serious risk of it, in many cases. No doubt the general health of the community is to be defended in every reasonable and possible way. That nobody denies; but witnesses who are apparently quite as competent as the zealous advocates of more Government inspection assert that the way proposed is not reasonable. One of the speakers in its favour had a proposal to make of which a good deal will probably be heard in Parliament, and which may also do not a little to wreck any such measure. Dr. RANSOME of Nottingham was of opinion that compensation should be given for "any injury which a person might suffer in his business in consequence of the notification and consequent removal of the sufferer." It seems almost absurd that any one should be considered entitled to compensation for not being allowed to spread scarlet-fever; but, on the other hand, if the law steps in to produce or hasten a man's ruin, it makes itself

responsible. It must be remembered that the people with whom this compulsory notification, isolation, and removal would have most to do would be not the very poor, who are always at the door of the workhouse, and who enter at the slightest additional pressure of circumstances, but the better class of workmen and the small shopkeepers. Many of these men are prosperous enough, but they are compelled to live in the midst of great towns where rent is high, and are consequently very badly lodged and closely packed. The evidence of Mrs. JOHNSTONE, of the Hastings Sanitary Aid Association, goes to show that very much may be done to prevent the spread of infectious diseases even among the very poor, by simple and economical means. The doctors do not need a Health Officer to make them do whatever is possible to see that these precautions are taken, and unless the State is to undertake the management of every sick-bed, and the support of every family which is distressed by sickness, there seems no reason why medical men should have the invidious office of Government Inspector thrust upon them. To what extent the zeal of sanitary reformers for more inspection will go was shown by the proposal of one of them at Nottingham, who suggested that all the clerks in Government offices should be required to be revaccinated at stated times, under pain of dismissal. In course of time they will attain to agitating for a corps of inspectors to think out everybody's business for him. Mr. SMITH, of Coalville, as he is carefully described, thinks we ought to take in hand the complete reform of the gypsies. He is shocked that they are allowed to lead a vagabond life, and eat garbage. They are certainly not an estimable part of the population; but from a purely sanitary point of view, the average British workman has rather cause to envy them the healthiness and space of their lodgings on commons and under hedges. They may be indecently crowded together in tents, but they can at least get their heads outside. That is better than being packed in a closely-shut room in a narrow street. If an effort is to be made to put a stop to overcrowding and indecent mingling of the sexes, we think there are many classes of the community more deserving of the attention of the sanitary reformer than the gypsies. He might make a beginning within a stone's throw of Gray's Inn Lane.

The Congress heard the history of its doings from its President before breaking up, and no doubt listened with a sense of great satisfaction at its own useful activity. To the outsider the recommendations, resolutions, and so forth of the Association would seem to divide themselves into proposals to make little legislative reforms of the details of matters which, if touched at all, will have to be treated as a whole, and suggestions for interfering with somebody for his own good. The Congress has been debating whether the question of the devolution of real property in case of intestacy should not be at once taken up, and be pressed to a legislative solution. In the opinion of the President, "the anomaly that the land belonging to an intestate person should go wholly to one of his children, while his personal property is divided equally among them all, could not be maintained in the present state of society." How he proposed to stop legislative interference at this point Mr. HASTINGS does not say. It would seem a very natural corollary of this opinion of his that the devolution of real property to the eldest son is in any case a wrong. The next step to be taken in the course pointed out by Mr. HASTINGS would be the compulsory division of the property among the children. The only immediate result of the law proposed by the President of the Association would be an increased care in making their wills on the part of the owners of real property who wished to provide that it should pass to an eldest son. That seems a rather small matter to exert oneself about. The Congress has passed a resolution recommending some form of local option—one of those things which would seem made especially for its delectation. It is much to be commended in the Association that this thing was done in a corner, and that the majority of the members seem a trifle ashamed of it. In almost everything else the Association has given its weighty opinion in favour of making everybody virtuous and intelligent by machinery and inspectors. We are even to be made artistic, if only the Social Science Association could get itself listened to. An army of art professors is to be let loose on the country to develop a taste for the beautiful at the public expense. We have Signor TITO PAGLIARDINI's word for it that the exertions of such a host might give even the average Englishman almost as much

artistic faculty as an Italian. It is probable enough that, if Social Science had its way, art and a good many other things would soon be brought to the contemporary Italian standard.

INCOMES IN PRUSSIA.

HERR SOETBEER, a German economist and statist of high reputation, has contributed to a Jena publication a very interesting article upon the growth of incomes in Prussia during the past ten years, founded on the Einkommen and the Klassen Steuern returns. It may be necessary to explain that direct taxation is carried much further in Prussia than with ourselves. In this country we assess the Income-tax only upon persons having 150*l.* a year and upwards; we aim, that is, at exempting from direct taxation the whole of the working classes. Moreover, we make allowances for persons with incomes varying from 150*l.* to 400*l.* In Prussia, on the contrary, every person who earns enough to support himself is called upon to contribute directly to the State Exchequer. Accordingly the whole body of the working classes who earn from 21*l.* up to 150*l.* annually are assessed to the Klassensteuer. All who have incomes above 150*l.* a year are assessed to the Einkommensteuer. The latter impost answers to our Income-tax, and is assessed directly upon the person or persons who pay it. The former, or Klassensteuer, is assessed in classes—that is to say, all who have incomes between certain limits are lumped together in a certain class and assessed at the same rate, there being several classes or categories of contributors. Both taxes are imposed upon the household—that is, a son or a daughter earning wages is not assessed separately, if he or she lives with his or her parents, but is assessed with the parent. Herr SOETBEER does not give the actual yield of the taxes, nor does he even reproduce the classes as legally arranged. He adopts a classification of his own, and he adds 25 per cent. to the yield to cover all frauds that may be committed upon the Exchequer. He admits that this addition is entirely arbitrary; but, as he is an economist of high reputation, and has no doubt thoroughly studied the question, we may assume that his addition gives as nearly as it is possible the actual incomes of the Prussian people. For the year 1881, the population, according to these tax returns, amounted to a little under 26*3* millions; the census has shown that this was an under-estimate, but we may allow that to pass. And it appears from the returns that 645,919 persons, including the families of the taxpayers, were assessed to the Einkommensteuer—that is to say, that a little under 2½ per cent. of the estimated population belonged to households having over 150*l.* a year. Those assessed to the class tax, with the families dependent upon them, numbered 18,245,000 persons, or a little under 68 per cent. of the estimated population. And the individuals and families exempt from direct taxation numbered 7,825,781 persons. In other words, not far short of 30 per cent. of the estimated population belonged to households having less than 21*l.* a year, or eight shillings a week.

These figures enable us to understand Prince BISMARCK's great anxiety to substitute indirect for direct taxation. The Prussian people are universally liable to military service, and, in addition, every person who earns eight shillings a week is bound to contribute directly to the expenses of the State. In case of war, therefore, not only is the whole male population liable to be called out, but at the very time when the breadwinners are taken away from the family, the direct taxation is likely to be raised. The cost of war thus falls with terrible severity upon the poor, both in the form of a blood-tax and in the form of a money-tax. Even in times of peace every addition to the army is felt in the pockets as well as in the persons of the poor. We can therefore easily understand how the Government must desire to substitute indirect taxation, which would be less felt by the people. In the long run, of course, the cost would be the same, but the people would not so readily connect a rise in the price of sugar, or coffee, or tobacco with the policy of the Government as they would an increase in the direct taxation. We can easily understand, too, how this direct taxation must recruit the ranks of the Socialists. The military burden must in the nature of things cause intense discontent, when every man earning so little as eight shillings a week is bound to contribute directly; especially since, as we have already explained, not merely every individual, but every household that

earns 21*l.* a year, is bound to contribute. At the same time these figures heighten our appreciation of the genius, the skill in organization, and the far-seeing preparation for all contingencies, which enabled a nation so poor that the households comprising nearly one-third of its whole population earn less than eight shillings a week to compel all the other German States to unite themselves under its leadership; to expel Austria from Germany; and to dismember and hold to ransom a country with the inexhaustible resources of France. To do all this we can see how necessary was the parsimonious thrift practised by the Prussian Government.

According to Herr SOETBEER, the total incomes of the Prussian people in 1881 amounted to no more than 411 millions sterling. But in 1880 the incomes assessed to the Income-tax in the United Kingdom were in round numbers 577 millions. It follows that the incomes exceeding 150*l.* a year in the United Kingdom exceeded the whole incomes of Prussia by 166 millions sterling, or over 28*l.* per cent. The population of England and Wales is nearly the same as that of Prussia, and the incomes assessed to the Income-tax in England in 1880 were over 485*l.* millions sterling. Therefore, the incomes over 150*l.* a year in England and Wales alone exceeded the aggregate incomes of Prussia by 74*l.* millions sterling, or over 15*l.* per cent.; and it is to be borne in mind, as we explained above, that 25 per cent. has been added to the tax returns of Prussia, while we have given only the actual incomes assessed in England two years ago. From these figures it will be seen how very poor a country Prussia is. This, indeed, sufficiently appears from what we showed above, that only about 2*l.* per cent. of the whole population has 150*l.* a year and over per household; while nearly one-third of the whole population earns per household less than eight shillings a week. Again, it appears that only 8,242 persons and households possessed more than 1,000*l.* a year; while no more than 543 possessed 5,000*l.* a year and more. Moreover, Herr SOETBEER shows that in 1872 the total incomes of Prussia amounted to 348 millions sterling, while in 1881, as we have already seen, they were only 411 millions sterling. The increase in the ten years was therefore only 63 millions, or about 18*l.* per cent. For the ten years, in other words, the incomes had not increased at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum, in spite of the great increase of the population. It will be borne in mind that since 1872 the enormous indemnity levied upon France has been paid by her, and has been expended in Germany, giving an extraordinary impulse to German trade and industry. It is also to be borne in mind that German manufactures and German commerce have been considerably developed during the ten years. It is true, no doubt, that for much of the time commercial and agricultural depression has prevailed; but, making full allowance for that fact, the growth of incomes is exceedingly slow. During the same ten years the growth of incomes assessed to the Income-tax in the United Kingdom has been over 30 per cent., although in the meantime Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE raised the lower limit of assessment from 100*l.* a year to 150*l.*, while he raised the upper limit of allowances from 300*l.* a year to 400*l.* If the assessment were still made as in 1872, the growth of incomes in the United Kingdom would be much greater. When we consider this, we see that the growth of incomes in Prussia has been exceedingly small. Evidently population is growing more rapidly in Germany than wealth, in spite of the large emigration that is going on. Evidently also the military burdens are too great for the people to bear.

It is, of course, not to be forgotten that the standard of living in Germany is much lower than in this country; that the people are thriftier, their habits less luxurious and less ostentatious; and that what would appear to us a mere pittance is a competence in Germany. It is also not to be overlooked that in an agricultural country like Germany eight shillings a week goes much further than such a sum would go in England. Still, making allowance for all the thrift and the modesty of living of the Germans, the rate of increase in incomes is so small as to give ground for some apprehension. There would appear, in truth, to be some foundation for the assertion of French economists that, while France is limiting its population to increase its wealth, Germany is expending its wealth in increasing its population. It is obvious that, where so large a proportion of the population is living upon such scanty means, a catastrophe is not impossible. Were there to occur a

failure of the crops, such as happened in Ireland in 1879, there might be serious difficulties in the country; while, if there were to be a failure on the scale of the Irish potato failure in 1847 and 1848, the consequences would be disastrous.

MR. FAWCETT ON THE POST OFFICE.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL was under no necessity to apologize at Hackney for addressing his constituents on the subject of his own department. In all probability even his own audience, athirst as a distinguished member's constituents ought to be for large views on general politics, were at least as much interested in that as in any other part of his speech. The general public, with the greatest possible respect for Mr. FAWCETT, would a great deal rather hear what he has to say on the Parcels Post than on Egypt. What he had to say amounted very much to this, that the public must be patient and not expect the Post Office to get along quicker than it can. He reminded his audience that he had on a former occasion "expressed an opinion that the establishment of a Parcels Post would constitute by far the greatest change" and by far the greatest development of the postal "system since the introduction of the penny post." The change will indeed be great, and it may be suspected, from the tone of Mr. FAWCETT's address, that the Post Office has been a little taken by surprise by its magnitude. Not only will new buildings have to be raised and old ones enlarged, but there will be a necessity, at least in rural districts, for a complete reorganization of the staff. The present foot service will have to be replaced by a mounted one, which again means that a considerable number of postmen will have to learn how to ride. All these changes will take time to effect, and as they could not even be begun before the Bill was passed—as Mr. FAWCETT, perhaps somewhat unnecessarily, pointed out—the public must not hope to see the Parcels Post at work until some months after Christmas. That does not seem, certainly, to be very quick work. It is not very obvious on the face of it why there must be this long wait while new buildings are being raised. Additional room might be hired in the interval. The small country stations, where the extra space would be most difficult to find, are also those which are least likely to have much fresh work thrown on them. The difficulty with the postmen who have to learn to ride is almost imaginary. There are not many men in rural districts who cannot keep their seat on horseback. As for those who cannot, it can hardly take them till months after Christmas to learn if they are ever going to do so at all. There will be a very general agreement with Mr. FAWCETT when he points out how unwise it would be to begin before the Post Office was thoroughly ready. The country would have good cause to complain if the ordinary delivery of letters were thrown out of gear. That is, no doubt, perfectly true; but we cannot help asking what the word "ready" exactly means here. Is it that the Post Office really cannot begin till all the building and extending and buying of horses is done, or only that it is inconsistent with the sense of dignity which exists at St. Martin's-le-Grand as well as in other Government departments that it should begin before it has got everything decent and in order according to the highest standard of order and decency. The admirable way in which the Office generally does its work is a fairly good guarantee that there will be no unnecessary delay. There will be no wish to doubt that Mr. FAWCETT is perfectly right in saying that the staff of the department is working "with the utmost zeal to forward these arrangements in every manner that is practicable." The country will reflect that it has nothing to do but to exercise patience.

Having disposed of the Parcels Post, Mr. FAWCETT then turned to answer the second inquiry he had felt called upon to answer—namely, when the new scheme of obtaining annuities and policies of life insurance through the Post Office Savings Bank will be in working order? The answer is more satisfactory than in the other case. No new buildings are required here; nothing, indeed, is now wanted to set the whole machinery in motion except the receipt of certain tables from the National Debt Commissioners. When these tables may be expected to arrive Mr. FAWCETT does not say; but he obviously has no doubt that all the machinery will soon be in working order. It is so simple that it ought to work

well. All payments for policies of insurance and for annuities will in future be made directly through the Post Office Savings Banks, and the purchaser will be spared the necessity of going himself to make the deposit. He will only have to give an order that any part, however small, of the money which he has laid up in the Savings Bank, or of the interest due on it, is to be devoted to the purchase of an annuity or life insurance, and the machinery provided by Government will proceed to act automatically. Certainly if the wish to save is existent at all among the working classes, the means to do so will not be wanting. Mr. FAWCETT said nothing of a scheme which is reported to be maturing in the Treasury and the brain of Mr. COURTNEY, and which would appear to be designed to facilitate the spending rather than the economizing of money. According to this plan, the depositor will in future receive coupons for his deposit, and there will be no need of an entry in his book. The merits of such a plan would be confined to facilitating, and perhaps cheapening, the working of one branch of the Post Office. That the public would be gainers by it is very doubtful. To say nothing of the very material way in which such a change would modify the present character of the Savings Banks, it would practically amount to the issue of a limited small paper currency. It is scarcely likely that, if it were seriously contemplated to carry out such a scheme in the immediate future, Mr. FAWCETT would have passed it over in silence. From the fact, however, that he did not contradict the rumour, it would appear that something of the kind has been proposed by the Treasury. If so, it is to be hoped that a chance will be given for its adequate public discussion before it is put in force.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL was anxious to protest that there is no intention on the part of the Government to interfere with private enterprise in either of their plans. If there had been a quick and trustworthy means of delivery for parcels in rural districts, there would have been no Parcels Post. If small savings could find an equally profitable employment in private banks, the Post Office would not have organized its scheme for facilitating the purchase of annuities. He cited the comparatively small use made of the State Savings Banks in Scotland as a proof that they need never interfere with private undertakings. It is well known that Scotland has a banking system which has been developed to an extraordinary degree, and that interest is paid on deposits in that country. Consequently one Scotchman in 38 uses the Post Office Savings Banks against one in 11 of the population of England and Wales. As the low figure of the Scotch deposits is certainly not due to less thrift, Mr. FAWCETT draws the well warranted deduction that the difference is solely due to the greater advantages offered in the North to the small economist. It is permissible to accept his reasoning so far, and yet to be of opinion that improvements in the Post Office Savings Banks may ultimately interfere with the Scotch banks. Depositors may in time come to prefer the greater security of the Government banks, and the Scotch bankers may suffer in consequence. It is equally possible that the Parcels Post, which will be used in town as well as in the country, may damage the carrying Companies. But the injury to private bankers and to the carriers is only a possibility, while the general benefits which will be derived from the improvements in the Post Office are certain. Moreover, the greater economy with which all private enterprises are carried on will probably enable both Scotch bankers and the carrying Companies to hold their own against the Government.

DR. PUSEY AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

ON the 14th of July next year the Tractarian movement will be entitled to celebrate its jubilee. Mr. Keble's Assize Sermon at Oxford on Sunday, July 14, 1833, marks, as Cardinal Newman has told us, what must be considered the date of its commencement, though some years had yet to elapse before it could be said to be in full swing. Nor did anything so much contribute, as the same high authority has reminded us, to its consolidation and eventual success as the accession to its ranks of the learned and saintly divine who has just passed away, in a ripe and honoured old age, amid the regrets of thousands of friends and disciples, and with the universal respect of his countrymen of all shades of opinion. We had occasion to speak last week of Dr. Pusey, but there is still room for further comment on a life singularly uneventful indeed in its outward circumstances, but of such large and manifold influence on the destinies of the Church of England and the course of religious thought in this country that to it the

hackneyed epithet of "epoch-making" might not unfitly be applied. For more than half a century the late Professor of Hebrew at Oxford held the post to which he was appointed at an unusually early age in 1828, and the long and yet imperfect list of his works, copied from *Crockerford*, which fills more than half a column of last week's *Guardian*, would alone suffice to prove his unwearied and lifelong assiduity. Nor was there to the last any sign of failing power. Clearness of style was never Dr. Pusey's strong point, and for this his Hebrew, patristic, and German studies might sufficiently account; but his latest work, published only two years ago in reply to Dr. Farrar's *Eternal Hope*, is not only one of the most vigorous, but perhaps the most tersely and clearly written, that ever emanated from him. Within a few days of his death he was engaged in preparing his Hebrew lectures for next term, though for some years past he has been unequal to the task of himself delivering lectures or sermons, which have been read by others for him. But, while throughout his long life Dr. Pusey realized the ideal of a student in a sense which we are wont to associate rather with German than with English professors or divines, he was never merely a student. To call him a party leader would convey an incorrect impression, for no one could have less of the ambition of leadership or the spirit of a partisan; yet it was at bottom as true an instinct as that which almost invariably dictates schoolboy nicknames that identified with his name the great religious revival commenced at Oxford fifty years ago. Mr. Newman (as he then was) was earlier in the field, and his is unquestionably a mind of more rare and commanding genius; yet the attempt made at one time by the late Dr. Arnold to saddle the movement with the sarcastic sobriquet of "Newmania" from the first completely failed. Whether it would ever have been begun, or would have attained the influential position in the University and the country which it soon acquired, without the impetus derived from his devoted energy and transcendent powers may well be doubted; but, once fairly started on its course, it has owed more in the long run, as the great Cardinal has himself been forward to remind us, "to the vast learning, immense diligence, scholastic mind, and simple devotion to the cause of religion" of his loved and distinguished colleague. "There was henceforth," adds the author of the *Apologia*, "a man who could be the head and centre of the zealous people in every part of the country who were adopting the new opinions; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the movement with a front to the world, and gained for it a recognition from other parties in the University. . . . Dr. Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob. . . . Such was the benefit he conferred on the movement externally; nor was the internal advantage at all inferior to it. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities."

When Dr. Pusey was appointed at the age of 29 to the chair of Hebrew at Oxford, and first occupied the canonry house at Christ Church which has ever since been his home, he had already spent a considerable time in studying successively at three German universities—Jena, Göttingen, and Bonn—and had published a work on German theology, long since out of print, which incurred the charge of rationalism, chiefly, we believe, because anything coming out of Germany was then supposed to deserve the name. It was at all events the first and last time such a charge could with any semblance of plausibility be brought against him. It is somewhat curious to recollect that the book provoked two replies from Hugh James Rose, of Cambridge, who filled a conspicuous place in the Church movement of a few years later. As a Hebrew lecturer, a preacher, and a theologian Dr. Pusey has throughout a long and laborious life resolutely and consistently maintained the cause of Christian orthodoxy against all assailants. But while circumstances rather than choice often forced on him the office of a controversialist, and his own deepest convictions made him always an unshinching upholder of the dogmatic principle, there was ever about him a largeness of mind and a depth of Christian sympathy which made all bitterness of feeling or expression impossible. He was often bitterly attacked, but while he felt it his duty, not so much for his own sake as in the interests of his Church, to defend himself against charges of disloyalty which involved an arraignment of his theological belief, he never bitterly retaliated. The so-called Evangelical party for many years assailed him with unsparring virulence, but when the appearance of *Essays and Reviews* seemed to him to indicate a serious menace to truths held in common by all sincere believers in the Gospel, he did not hesitate to appeal to the readers of the *Record* for sympathy and support in resisting the common enemy. The secession to Rome in 1845 of his great friend and ally with so many of his followers brought him of necessity into what was evidently to him a most unwelcome conflict against claims he could not admit in defence of a position about which he had never felt a doubt. But of controversial animus against the communion which had absorbed so many of those on whose continued support he had once confidently reckoned, or against the seceders themselves, whose fidelity to conscience he respected though he dissented from their conclusions, there is no trace in his writings, as there was none in his heart. And when the growing pressure of the Rationalistic attacks which had prompted his appeal to the Evangelicals seemed to call for united action on the part of all who cherished their traditional faith in Divine Revelation, not only in England but throughout Europe, he put forth under the title of *An*

Eirenicon a work which, however barren of any immediate practical result, will certainly live as an abiding monument both of deep theological learning and of calm far-sighted Christian wisdom and charity. He was never wild, paradoxical, or, in the bad sense of the word, enthusiastic; no one, begging Dr. Arnold's pardon, could be less like Don Quixote. And if he sometimes lent his great name to phases of opinion or practice which might be considered extreme, this arose from a fault, if fault it be, which leant to virtue's side. So far from sharing that disposition on which "safe men" are apt to pride themselves, to throw over dangerous allies, his generosity of temper, as Cardinal Newman has somewhere observed, always inclined him rather to go beyond than to fall short of his own deliberate convictions in defending those with whom he substantially agreed, though it were to his own hindrance. He disapproved, for instance, at the time of the publication of *Tract XC.*, though it contained nothing to which he did not in principle assent. But when the author was assailed with a storm of authoritative censure and popular abuse, he at once came forward with an elaborate and unqualified vindication of it. So, again, at a later period, when the Oxford movement itself had won a recognized position, and it had become the fashion to contrast "Ritualism" with Tractarianism, as a new and parasitical excrescence, it might have been supposed that Dr. Pusey, who knew little and cared less about ceremonial details, so that it has been not inaptly said that "to the end he remained in practice a Berkshire country clergyman," would at least stand aloof from this new development, if he did not even condemn it. On the contrary, while mingling words of counsel and caution with his commendations, he did not hesitate to throw his shield over those whom he knew to be honestly carrying out in practice—whether judiciously or not—the principles which he had devoted his life to reaffirming and propagating; the fact that in doing so they had incurred an obloquy to which "the old Tractarians," as they were sometimes termed in contradistinction from their later disciples, were no longer subjected, was to him an additional reason not for disclaiming but for acknowledging them. When Sisterhoods were a new thing in the English Church and were almost as universally censured or disparaged as they are now universally accepted and encouraged, he was the first to come forward as the spokesman and champion of this salutary revival. He was not indifferent to the force of public opinion—though no one less sought or cared for mere personal popularity—and never thought it beneath him to say or do what lay in his power to disarrange unreasonable prejudice and distrust; but he would not consent to escape unmerited criticism by the sacrifice of his friends, even when he might think that in particular points they were mistaken.

The main interest of Dr. Pusey's life, as has been already intimated, lies in its relations to religion and to the Church. And the wonderful change which during the last fifty years has passed over the worship, the teaching, and the general tone of the Anglican Church constitutes at once its explanation and its crowning triumph. Those who agree and those who disagree with him must alike confess that he has not lived in vain. On the ultimate results of the movement which he did so much to promote it would be premature as yet to pronounce any comprehensive and final verdict, for to do so would be in effect to predict the future of the National Church and to some extent of Christianity throughout Europe. But it may safely be asserted that he has left his mark on the Church he served so faithfully and loved so well as few, if any, of her prelates or divines have done since the Reformation. Such as he found it fifty years ago it can never again become; it will be for those who come after him to see that it does not decline from the higher standard which his teaching and example have rendered familiar to us. Of his private life this is hardly the place to speak. It was uniform and monotonous in its outward course, but not wanting in severe trials and sorrows. More than forty years ago he lost a wife to whom he was deeply attached, and only two or three years ago his only son was suddenly taken from him, who, in spite of what to many would be crushing bodily infirmities, had been not only a comfort to him, but a ready and valuable assistant in his literary labours. His sufferings from the separation, and in some cases alienation, of friends, are too well known to need being dwelt upon here. But through all trials he preserved the even tenor of his course; his spirit was not soured and his energy never flagged. His life teaches many lessons of self-denial, charity, generosity, industry, and perseverance; but perhaps the most remarkable lesson he has bequeathed to us is the example of that unselfish singleness of purpose which is the surest secret of success.

"WHY DO PEOPLE HATE MR. GLADSTONE?"

THE above title is not ours, and we cannot too eagerly disclaim the almost blasphemous idea which it suggests. Indeed we shall hope shortly to show cause why people do not hate Mr. Gladstone; why the feeling which they entertain towards him is something quite different from hatred. But the title has been given to us by an Englishman of intelligence, Mr. A. V. Dicey, who has undertaken to show cause in the opposite direction to the readers of the *New York Nation*. Mr. Dicey does not write as a Gladstonian, nor does he write as an anti-Gladstonian. But he may be taken to incline rather to the former variety of faith from the fact of his title. Mr. Dicey, writing from London on the 24th of August,

informs the public of New York that Mr. Gladstone "is by many educated men and women abhorred with an intensity of abhorrence felt towards no other politician." This would be very dreadful if it were true, and the feelings of the adorers of Mr. Gladstone (whose way of worship Mr. Dicey proceeds to describe with some sarcasm) must be much harrowed at it. However, Mr. Dicey assumes that it is true, and proceeds to give reasons for the fact. These reasons are four in number. In the first place, he says, the Democratic tendency of the legislation of the last fifteen years is due to Mr. Gladstone personally. Here Mr. Dicey gives proof of a certain political acuteness. It is not, according to him, the last Reform Bill which has done the mischief, but Mr. Gladstone's manipulation of the constituencies. He found no cry for root-and-branch alterations, but he instigated it. Secondly, Mr. Gladstone lacks sympathy with the Whig section of the Liberal party, and refuses to go with the Radical section in some of their favourite directions. He has offended Broad Churchmen; he has offended rigid economists. Thirdly, he is a Scotchman, and his eloquence, after the manner of the Scotch, has "more heat than light." He speaks sermons, and Englishmen are not fond of sermons, though Scotchmen are. Lastly, "his career has been a career of explanations," and Englishmen, again, do not like this. The people who agree with his conclusions will not grant his premisses, and the most ardent approvers of his acts dislike the reasons which he assigns for acting. He has an awkward incapacity to admit that he is wrong. "To preserve his belief in his own consistency he has constantly been forced to misrepresent first to himself, and then to the public, the true and generally quite adequate grounds for his changes of policy." Again, he can never speak directly, and the British public has a fancy for plain-speaking. He says that Admiral Seymour battered down Alexandria in self-defence; he refuses to acknowledge an act of intervention in the recent events in Egypt. So that altogether (says Mr. Dicey) "one does not know where to have him," and the more educated section of the English public at least likes a statesman whom it does know where to have.

There has been no space in this necessarily brief abstract to quote many of the phrases which show that the critic is, on the whole, in sympathy with his subject; but one ("the true and generally adequate grounds of his changes of policy") will probably have been sufficient to indicate to all who have eyes to see that this remarkably heavy indictment is not brought by a Tory. Mr. Gladstone, says Mr. Dicey, is not merely a democrat, but a person who has wantonly and restlessly stirred up the democracy to exert its power when it was not spontaneously inclined to do so. He is at once sentimental and eclectic in his Liberalism, rejecting some of the most reasonable of the principles of that faith when he pleases and unduly exaggerating others. His eloquence is too "hot, too vehement, too wordy," too destitute of style to be worth calm attention. "It must not be looked on as attempting to argue out rationally or fairly the positions which the author means to enforce." Lastly, his career has been a career of explanations which have invariably failed to explain. We shall accept all these statements without hesitation, and we shall only say that Mr. Dicey might have strengthened them. Writing a month ago, he refers to that astounding process of non-natural reasoning by which Mr. Gladstone endeavoured to explain away his partisanship with the Confederate States—a partisanship which some people did not think the most discreditable of his sympathies. But from the date it was impossible for Mr. Dicey to know that only last week Mr. Gladstone did not indeed repeat this reasoning, but asserted, calmly and as a proven fact, that he never had expressed any sympathy with the South at all. The critic attributes this "career of explanations" to Mr. Gladstone's "almost painful desire to make his meaning understood." This is, to say the least, generous, and, with a slight alteration upon a critic of M. Octave Feuillet's, we shall reply, "Monsieur, un honnête homme n'a pas de ces explications-là." Mr. Dicey has also forgotten, or declined to emphasize, those peculiarities of Mr. Gladstone's which account for much of the ambiguous and, as we hold it, improperly named feeling the causes of which he is discussing. There are but few dispassionate critics of Mr. Gladstone's career who believe in that genuine democracy of sentiment on Mr. Gladstone's part which Mr. Dicey assumes. They observe that, possibly by an influence malign of the upper powers, Mr. Gladstone's changes of policy and principle have always been suited, if not calculated, so as to fit in with his own advantage. When he was too young to be a leader he consented to follow. When the predominance of other persons, both in the Liberal and Conservative parties, was so assured that his own was impossible, he was an uncertain and troublesome supporter, veering between this side and that, from whom the best thing that his chief could expect was the celebrated "drawer-full of resignations," and the worst a *croc-en-jambe* such as that which he played off in the days of the Crimean war. By and by, when the opportunity presented itself of ousting the Whig leaders from the leadership of the Liberal party by assuming a definitely Radical tone, while there was no possible opening on the Conservative side, then Mr. Gladstone made up his mind to be Radical. It cannot be said that these sentences which we have just written contain anything but facts; the most that can be said by the most fervent Gladstonian who is not gifted with a blessed ignorance is that the facts were awkward coincidences. But, again, one may reply, "Monsieur, un honnête homme n'a pas de ces coincidences-là." Another point that Mr. Dicey has not noticed is the singular ineptitude of Mr. Gladstone's explanations. This indeed proves his

sincerity, which no one disputes. It is impossible that an insincere man should indulge in the building of screens which conceal nothing, but the amusement does not tend to raise him in the estimation of what Mr. Dicey calls "educated people." The apparent Machiavelism of his proceedings has often been jestingly pointed out, but no one is unaware that it is a "Machiavelisme d'escalier," a process of deception resorted to after the fact, and therefore useless. Lastly, Mr. Dicey has not noted one of the most unwelcome traits in Mr. Gladstone's character to the better sort of Englishmen—that is to say, his gross and almost incredible appetite for flattery. A process of psychological vivisection would probably trace to this appetite such democratic tendencies as he really possesses. For it is a curious instance of the meeting of extremes that the only two varieties of political leader who can count upon unlimited flattery are the absolute tyrant and the perfect demagogue. How strong in Mr. Gladstone's case this appetite is, his attitude after his defeat of 1874 proves to demonstration. A democrat of the intellectually convinced kind was bound to accept the verdict of the people, to come up smiling, and to wait, manfully performing his public duties, for an opportunity of bringing them round again. But the Radical Achilles could think of nothing better than to sulk in his tent until it forced itself on him that out of sight is out of mind.

We have thus buttressed Mr. Dicey's premisses, and now we may proceed to upset his conclusion. It is not, we think, true that any considerable number of educated men and women hate Mr. Gladstone. Hatred is not the word. It is true, no doubt, that a genuine admiration of Mr. Gladstone is scarcely to be found in company with political education, or at least with political insight. A pleasanter morning could hardly be spent in the Palace of Truth than by passing under review the members of the present Cabinet and ascertaining their views of their chief. To admire Mr. Gladstone heartily (as distinguished from accepting him as an invaluable person to have on one's side) requires an amount of guilelessness and simplicity which is not often found at those political elevations. But it by no means follows that he is hated. Hatred implies a stronger admixture of respect than it is easy to find in this case—off the platform. In saying this we of course limit the remark strictly to Mr. Gladstone's public character. But the peculiarities which have been noticed, and which Mr. Dicey has fairly enough stated, preclude serious respect for his public action. Nearly all men whose opinion is worth regarding in politics look upon Mr. Gladstone, as has been more than once said, as exceptionally liable to that state of mind which Plato has formulated—the state of mind which accepts what is not true, and unhesitatingly believes it for truth. It is sometimes said by inaccurate defenders of the Prime Minister that his foes accuse him of hypocrisy. Unless they are out of their senses they do nothing of the sort. Hypocrisy and Mr. Gladstone are poles asunder, because the hypocrite must necessarily be conscious. But it is by no means sure that he can be equally freed from the charge of Cant, which word indeed very nearly expresses the Platonic meaning. And this peculiarity of his, the possession of a certain mirifical and quintessential kind of earnest Cant, explains at once his extraordinary popularity in England, and the depth of feeling of a very different kind with which he is also regarded. All the world talks of *Le Cant Britannique*, and all Britons who possess brains vigorously, and with as much indignation as it is in the nature of Britons to allot to Continental expressions of criticism, repudiate the charge. Both are in the right. There is nothing that the ordinary Englishman so often sins in, and consequently nothing by which he is so likely to be deceived by, as cant. There is nothing from which the Englishman, who is, as Mr. Dicey would say, "educated," is more free. As soon as he knows cant he hates it, but he too commonly does not know it. Therefore Mr. Gladstone, himself deceived, deceives others to a marvellous extent, and therefore he is especially obnoxious to those whom he does not deceive. But, with the exception of some very excitable patriots whose sense of the harm done to their country obliterates all other feelings, we deny that many Englishmen hate Mr. Gladstone. There are other uncomplimentary verbs of which he may be said to be the object, but hardly the verb to hate. Walpole, Pitt, Canning, Lord Beaconsfield, even Lord Palmerston, hateless as he was himself, might have been hated, because they were not only formidable but more or less inscrutable; but scarcely Mr. Gladstone. It is impossible to hate a person who is completely seen through, unless he is evidently and consciously malevolent, which Mr. Gladstone is not.

MONTPELLIER AND NIMES.

READERS of Smollett will recollect his remark that it was at Montpellier that he saw for the first time any signs of that gaiety and mirth for which the French nation were celebrated. That is to say, it was not till he had travelled through the entire length of the kingdom, and found himself within three leagues of its Southern boundary, that he came on any evidence to support the popular belief that the French were a light-hearted nation. The reason of this exceptional cheerfulness of the population was the prosperity induced by the constant concourse of English travellers. For Montpellier in the last century, till the outbreak of the Revolution scared all foreigners out of France, held pretty much the same position that the Riviera does now, as the favourite

winter station for invalids in quest of Southern sunshine. The natives of the place differed very little then from the indigenous inhabitants of all health-resorts now, and were just as dexterous in the plausible pillage of these foreign visitants. The inns were very bad and their charges exorbitant, and though the necessities of life in Languedoc were very cheap, yet Montpellier was one of the dearest places in France to live in. This, as Smollett feelingly observes, was due entirely to the "folly of the English," who, "like simple birds of passage, allow themselves to be plucked by the people of the country, who know their weak side and make their attacks accordingly. They affect to believe that all the travellers of our country are grand seigneurs, immensely rich and incredibly generous, and we are silly enough to encourage this opinion by submitting quietly to the most ridiculous extortion, as well as by committing acts of the most absurd extravagance." It is humiliating to think how little change in the national character a century has wrought, and how applicable these words, written in 1763, are to those of our countrymen whom the first touch of winter will send to take possession of the winter stations of the South. It was in great part the celebrity of the school of medicine at Montpellier that drew so many invalids to it. This school is said to date from the days of the Saracens, and to have been founded by them. As early as the twelfth century its doctors had a great reputation. In a letter of St. Bernard he tells how the Archbishop of Lyons, falling sick on his journey, turned aside to Montpellier to have himself cured by its noted leeches, and spent on them "tout ce qu'il avait et ce qu'il n'avait pas," without accomplishing the desired object. Smollett tells how the landlady of one of the inns at which he stopped on the road, when she heard he was going to Montpellier, bade him beware of the physicians, for they were all a pack of assassins. Nor can we think that this good woman was very far wrong in her opinion when we find Sterne, who came here for his health a few months later than Smollett, complaining how the physicians had almost poisoned him with what they called "bouillon rafraîchissant," compounded of a cock flayed alive and boiled with poppy seeds, then pounded in a mortar and passed through a sieve. To this nasty mess one crayfish was to be added, and the greatest stress was laid on its being a *male*, as a *female* crayfish, these wiseacres declared, would do the patient infinite harm. Poor Smollett found so many gaieties in prospect—two concerts a week, a comedy to be given in the winter, and the meeting of the States of Languedoc impending, to say nothing of the visiting among the English families—that he fled to Nice for the sake of quiet. Now the tide has turned. Nice has become a second Paris, and Montpellier is as dull as only a French provincial town can be. Very few English ever enter it, as the railway has turned the course of the stream of travellers to Marseilles. Without archaeological treasures and without historical associations, there is little in the now existing town to attract tourists. Still, as the capital of Bas-Languedoc, the land of the Troubadours, and the birthplace of that one among them, Daniel Arnould, whom Dante thought worthy of a place in his *Commedia*, lovers of literature will turn aside to visit it; while the fact that it was once looked on as the hot-house of Europe for palm-trees and sick folk, and consequently was the harbour of refuge where our great-grandparents passed the winter when the fiat of exile went forth against them, must always surround it with interest to many English eyes.

Like most other health-resorts, the climate of Montpellier seems to have been vastly overrated. Both Sterne and Smollett found it too cold for them, and describe the air as far too sharp and keen for consumptive patients, many of whom they mention as being kept there by the doctors until they were much worse, and then hurried off to die elsewhere. Whatever it may be for sick folk, the situation is admirable for healthy people. It stands on a hill rising from the plain country that stretches from the Cévennes to the Mediterranean. It is specially well supplied with water brought by an aqueduct from streams at a distance, and with gardens for public resort. At one end of the town there is the esplanade, a public walk shaded with trees in the top of the old fortifications, and at the other end the Promenade de Peyrou, a fine public garden dating from the reign of Louis XIV. Both these stand on heights jutting out like promontories into the plain, and command a fine range of views of the mountains and the sea. Near the Promenade de Peyrou is the Botanic Garden, the first founded in France. Pierre Richier de Belleville, Professor of Botany in the University, devoted himself and his fortune to founding it. It turned out such an expensive hobby that he wrote piteously to the King (Henri Quatre) that, what with the expense of making and maintenance of the garden, transport of plants, and voyages of research, he had exhausted his means and was loaded with debts, and, having a numerous family, found it impossible to live. In one of the paths of this garden, shaded by cypresses and nearly overgrown with creepers, is a marble tablet to the memory of Narcissa, the adopted daughter of the poet Young. There is a romantic story that she died here, and was denied a burial-place on the ground that she was a Protestant, and that he buried her here by stealth, as told by himself in his third "Night." However, her tomb, or what is believed to be her tomb, has now been found in the Hôtel Dieu at Lyons, which destroys somewhat the pathos of the episode. There are no buildings of any interest to be seen in Montpellier, though the town as a whole is well built and well aired. The University has taken up its abode in a Benedictine monastery. That interesting relic, the doctor's gown worn by Rabelais, which was long preserved here, has now disappeared. The Cathedral is

modern, having been rebuilt after its destruction by the Protestants. It has a very ugly and extraordinary portico attached to the façade, put up, it is said, as a substitute for a bell-tower which once existed. It consists of a heavy vaulted canopy of stone like a colossal sounding-board, supported on one side by two circular towers, ending in pinnacles, the other side being built on to the wall of the church.

Unlike most of the towns of the South, Montpellier cannot lay claim to a Roman foundation. Some stories trace its beginning to a group of shepherds' huts; others to refugees flying from the Moors; others to the exiled inhabitants of Maguelonne, turned out by Charles Martel for favouring the Moors. In any case, however, it was not a place of any importance till St. Louis conferred upon it powers of free trading, and it was not attached to the Crown of France till Philip of Valois bought it of Aragon for 120,000 crowns, at which time the number of hearths returned for taxation was 7,000. The nearest Roman town was Sextantio or Substantia, which stood on a rocky hill rising from the banks of the river Lez, three kilometres north-east of Montpellier. Here there are fragments of wall that seem to be Gaulish rather than Roman in character. However, the scraps of pottery and inscribed stones tell plainly that the Celtic had been turned into a Roman town. An inscription found here recording how "Colonis" and "Incolis" desired to perpetuate the memory of Cnaeus Plaetorius Macrinus, seems to show that the two classes of inhabitants long kept apart. A fantastic legend tells how on one night in the year the devil appears and invites any one who will to come and seek a hidden treasure. The hill opens, and shows the entrance to the cavern where the riches lie hid. But the victim who is induced to enter never reappears, for he is lured on from copper to silver, and from silver to gold, till the time allowed him slips away, and before he, laden with his wealth, can make his way out again, the hill shuts on him for ever.

There are no other places worth seeing near Montpellier. Cette, the seaport, is about the dirtiest place on the Mediterranean, but does a great deal of trade. At Lunel, the junction to which one must go to get on to any of the chief lines of rail, it is said one finds water in winter, dust in spring, gnats in summer, and fever in autumn. A Roman road, the Via Domitia, connected Narbonne and Nîmes, the Roman Nemausus, which occupies a central position between the Rhône, the sea, and the Cévennes, and plumes itself on possessing more historic treasures than any other town of Southern France. Fortune has dealt more kindly with Nemausus than with the other cities of the province that in Roman days were its rivals or perhaps superiors. While Forum Julii has nothing left of its former grandeur but melancholy masses of ruin hourly crumbling to decay, half-hidden beneath the squallid houses of a poverty-stricken provincial borough, Nemausus has been transformed into a bright and bustling town, through which the current of modern life flows strongly, bringing wealth and prosperity in its stream; and yet it has had the good luck to keep almost unscathed some of the finest of the monuments raised by its first founders. Originally a colony of Augustus, it continued a favourite city of later emperors; and partial historians have striven to draw parallels between Nemausus and Rome, chiefly on the grounds that seven hills were encircled within the walls of both. One of the finest monuments of the Roman sway and of the grandeur of the ancient Nemausus must be sought half a day's journey distant from the modern Nîmes. This splendid specimen of the worth of Roman work can hardly be called a ruin, so little has the finger of decay affected it in the lapse of nearly nineteen centuries. The Pont du Gard, as it is commonly called, spans the valley of the Gardon in a wild desolate region fourteen kilometres to the north of Nîmes. The road to it passes through a tract of country quite peculiar in its character and colouring, and recalling vividly some similar scenes in Palestine. Not a vestige of green is to be seen anywhere. On both sides of the road rise stony hills, called "carrigues" in the local nomenclature, producing nothing but thyme and lavender to nourish the flocks that try to pick up a scanty living on their sides. Brownish red is the all-prevailing tint both of earth and rocks, only relieved here and there by the silvery shimmer of an occasional stunted olive. It is partly, no doubt, to its isolated situation that the Pont du Gard owes its preservation. It stands like a great gateway, filling up the valley from side to side, the yellow colour of the stone contrasting well with the myrtle-clad slopes of the hills which it connects. Like the amphitheatre, it is built of huge blocks of stone, quarried from the hills further down the course of the Gardon. Three tiers of arches support the water-duct at a great height above the stream. The six large arches that form the basis of the whole structure are unequal in size, the widest being towards one side, instead of in the middle; spans the channel of the river, instead of marking the architectural centre. This accommodation to the physical features of the site somewhat mars the symmetrical effect. Somehow none of the arches look their full size, and one finds it difficult to realize the fact that under the largest one the triumphal arch at Orange could pass easily; still more incredible does it appear that the topmost arches, numbering once a score and forming a colonnade to support the water-duct, and looking little more than niches when seen from below, are each as wide as the Porte de France, through which heavily-laden waggons pass and re-pass daily into the streets of Nîmes. This imposing erection is but a section of the great aqueduct, forty-one kilomètres long, that supplied Nîmes with water taken from the river Eure near Uzès; and this must have been used for centuries after all other traces of Roman rule and Roman manners had passed

away, if one may judge by the thickness of the deposit which the water has laid down on the inside of the vaulted channel through which it flowed over the bridge. Beneath the deposit is a layer of cement three inches thick, the original lining of the canal, and there are still traces of a wash of red ochre or some similar pigment laid over the cement. Thanks to its isolated situation the Pont du Gard has been wonderfully lucky in escaping mutilation. The water-duct might be used again with a very little expense of masonry to re-connect it with the subterranean channels leading through the hills at either end. And on one side the surface is almost uninjured; the projecting stones are still jutting out just as they were left in building, ready to support the beams of the scaffolding that might be needed at a future time for the repair of the upper part. On the other side much damage was done by the Duke de Rohan, who cut away part of the buttresses and piers of the arches to support a bridge which he laid across for the passage of his artillery. Between Nîmes and the Pont du Gard there are few places of interest. Marguerittes was an important Roman station, but there is not a Roman stone left there now, nor could any one recognize in the poor village of to-day the fortified town that stood so many sieges and changed hands so often in the religious wars of the sixteenth century. Further on the road crosses the Vistre, which takes its rise at Cabrières in the middle of the carriages. Obscure as this hamlet is now, it had its day of notoriety when a certain Prior of Cabrières, by his skill in medicine, wrought so many cures that sick folk came to him from all quarters, and his fame at last reached the Court. The King (Louis XIV.) sent for him, and got from the Prior the recipe of his wonderful cures, but on condition that it should be kept a secret. Then the king took to practising medicine himself and had many patients; he got divers drugs, with different names, from his apothecaries for compounding the famous mixture. The patients had to leave a note of their ages and their symptoms with the King's head valet, and a few days after they came back and received three phials in a basket. They contained only wine and sal volatile, but they wrought many cures. The distribution of this remedy lasted four or five years, in fact until the death of the Prior. Such, at least, is the story, which sounds more like an invention of Molière than a matter of history.

There is little that is interesting in modern Nîmes, and of the famous amphitheatre and other antiquities of the place we have long ago spoken fully. Thanks to the wars and riots connected with religion from which it has so often suffered, part of the façade and the tower of the cathedral are the only parts of the old church that remain. The tower, which is surrounded by an open balustrade, belonged to the church consecrated by Urban II. It had a narrow escape when the Protestants got the upper hand in 1567, for they had actually begun to pull it down, and only desisted when they found that the neighbouring houses built against it would come down with it. The rest of the church has been several times destroyed and rebuilt. The present structure dates from the middle of the seventeenth century. On the façade is a frieze in relief setting forth the history of the Book of Genesis. From the creation to the death of Abel it is eleventh-century work; the rest is of the same date as the church. In spite of religious differences Nîmes has continued to flourish and grow rich. The wheat of Nîmes had so good a reputation that Louis XI. hoped to prolong his life by its use. The introduction of the white mulberry, under Henri IV., gave a great impetus to the silk manufacture; but the town suffered greatly from the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, for a large proportion of the population was Protestant. The more respectable emigrated, the wilder spirits took to the mountains and guerrilla warfare as the Camisards, under the leadership of Cavalier, the "Lion of the Cévennes." However, when these disturbances had passed Nîmes took heart once more, trade revived, and before the Revolution there were between three and four thousand silk looms at work in the town. Among the numerous names of great men that Nîmes, ancient and modern, can claim as her sons, the fame of Guizot is the freshest, and Jaques Nicot has the claim to the gratitude of the largest number of his countrymen as having first introduced tobacco into France.

EGYPTIAN HERALDRY.

THE Prophet Mohammed possessed many great and amiable qualities; but it must be admitted with regret that appreciation of art was not among his good points. No one admired beauty more—in women; but the artistic faculty seemed in him to be specialized and restricted to one particular form of loveliness, and he was unable to generalize from beauty as he saw it in his wives to beauty in the abstract as a quality to be realized in every possible way, or, as a very "precious" reviewer of Mr. Morris's recent volume in a contemporary says, "the only good hope worth our striving." In brief, Mohammed was a "Philister." He hated music, poetry, and painting, and prophesied terrible punishments for all who should make representations of living things, and who should be unable to comply with the command to put souls into them on the day of judgment. There are, indeed, excuses to be made for the "unlettered Prophet." Art and religion have occasionally, even in modern times, come into conflict, and it was more excusable in days when art was certainly not very highly cultivated in Arabia, and what there was of it was employed in the service of idolatry. Mohammed, like most

reformers, was a man of one idea, and that idea was the supremacy of one God. Whatever militated in any way the most trifling against the worship of the one God was taboo to Mohammed, and was duly proscribed in his law. The Koran, indeed, only forbids the making of "statues"; but the traditions make it pretty clear that all representations of living things in any material or by any process were included in the prohibition. Those faithful disciples who made a point of calling to mind the least of the actions of the Prophet, and preserved so little of his larger utterances, have transmitted to an admiring posterity sundry anecdotes illustrative of Mohammed's dislike of pictures—how he would not sleep on a bed adorned with artistic designs which Ayesha had purchased with much enthusiasm; how when a curtain covered with gorgeous pictures was hung over his door he tore it down and destroyed it; and how one night Gabriel himself was prevented from visiting the Prophet by a similar decorative curtain; for it is written, "The angels enter not the house wherein is a dog or a picture." There is no doubt that Mohammed really intended his followers to abstain from pictures as much as from wine, and there is equally no doubt that they did not abstain from either. M. Henri Lavoix lately showed us, in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, how no religious penalty could restrain Moslems from illuminating their books, just as the fear of the next world was quite inadequate as a check upon intemperance. So little, indeed, did the true believers put faith in these threats, that it is said the Khalif Abdalmelik had the audacity to decorate the doors of his mosque at Jerusalem with portraits of the Blessed Prophet himself, and to adorn the interior with pictures of the hell of the Koran, with its giant inhabitants disporting themselves in eternal fire. This was bringing the question home with a vengeance. We believe, however, that the law against pictures was much more generally obeyed than M. Lavoix would have us suppose. Violations of it were the exception, just as the revels of Haroun Alrashid were not typical of the whole Moslem world. Rich people and unusually well-educated people, no doubt, exerted a "cultured taste to distinguish gems from paste" in the law of their Prophet; but the multitude regarded, and still regard, images of living things with unfeigned reprobation. When Lane was travelling in Egypt, he once put a stop to a successful manufacture of spurious antiquities by reminding the artist that for every little Osiris he made, he would have to find a soul on the day of resurrection. Mohammed's law, after all, has its value to archaeologists.

The general obedience given to the prohibition lends an added interest to the exceptional cases of recalcitrant artists which M. Lavoix and others have collected. The latest contribution to this study has been made by Mr. Rogers of Cairo, who some months ago published in the *Bulletin de l'Institut Egyptien* a very curious paper on "Le Blason chez les Princes Musulmanes de l'Egypte et de la Syrie." Except that nobody ever heard of Mohammedan heraldry, there is nothing remarkable in the fact of its existence. On the contrary, there was every probability that heraldic devices should be employed by those from whom mediæval chivalry learned so many of its customs. It is natural to suppose that the source of our orders of knighthood should also be the source of our knights' bearings. We are not astonished, therefore, to be told that it was from their Saracen opponents that the Crusaders probably adopted the use of armorial bearings. That it was so remains to be proved; for the arms collected by Mr. Rogers are none of them dated earlier than the fourteenth century, and the Saracens might have learnt the art from Europe. But the probability, if it is nothing more, lies the other way; and the fact that some of our heraldic tinctures, as gules and azure, are Oriental in etymology, strengthens the argument in favour of an Eastern origin for heraldry itself. Mr. Rogers, indeed, confuses the matter in some degree by treating military standards or colours as armorial bearings. It is perfectly certain that the Moslems in very early times carried distinguishing colours on the battlefield. Even at the battle of Bedr, in the second year of the Hijra, the white flag of the Beni Aus was unfurled, and a little later Mohammed's own black standard led the triumphant Moslems to the sack of Khaibar. Black continued to be the colour of the Abbaside Khalifs; and when Saladin occupied Egypt, the Khalif sent him a black cloth for the Viceregal throne. But this does not prove much. War banners are necessities, unless soldiers are to kill their friends; but heraldic devices are a much less obvious want. The word, however, used by Arabic historians for "armorial bearings" signifies also "colour," and hence it is not easy to say with certainty in every case which it really means. Tabari writes of the "colours of the Egyptians," meaning their flag; while Makrizi uses the same term for the lion which Sultan Beybars put on his coins and public buildings. In some instances we fancy Mr. Rogers has taken the meaning to be "arms" when it should, in fact, be "colours."

There is, however, no doubt that about the twelfth century, when Turks and Kurds were holding high posts in the armies of Islam, badges of various devices began to come into fashion. In other words, as soon as the sovereignty of the Mohammedan world passed into the hands of barbarians, the savage love of adornment began to display itself. There is no more trustworthy guide in this respect than the Moslem coinage. For the first five centuries of the Hijra scarcely an ornament or image of any kind appears on the coins, which are covered with religious inscriptions. As soon, however, as the various dynasties of Turks and Kurds sprang up on the skirts of the Seljuk conquerors, the coins assume an entirely new aspect; heads of Roman and Byzantine emperors,

Madonnas, and saints, astrological symbols, and figures of animals, appear in every direction, copied by barbarous workmen from Western originals, and some towns or dynasties even adopted specific badges of their own. Among these foreign invaders was Saladin; and his successors not only used the forbidden images on the coins, but imported those Circassian and Turkish slaves who soon founded their own dynasties, and became famous under the name of Mamlukes, not merely as warriors against whom both Frank and Ottoman fought repeatedly in vain, but as patrons of art and letters, and builders of almost all the mosques which make Cairo the museum of Arabian architecture. Marcel tells us that the Mamlukes were divided into corps, each of which was distinguished by a separate badge. Very soon the badges became the armorial bearings of individual chiefs, instead of companies, and thus we find Beybars putting his *lion passant* on coins and badges, and another Mamluke wearing his arms—a circular shield, on a fesse vert a sword gules—which so pleased the ladies of the period that they tattooed it on their hands. Armorial bearings were also engraved on seals, as in Europe; but the practice, and indeed the use, of blazoning in general, has fallen into desuetude ever since the Ottoman conquest of Egypt in the sixteenth century. Mr. Rogers's specimens are all of the Mamlukes of Egypt and Syria; and though we may call the star and crescent of Turkey, or the sun and lion of Persia, heraldic devices, it may be taken for granted that the practice of bearing arms died with the spirited rulers who contributed so much to the beauty and renown of mediæval Egypt.

The arms of the Mamlukes are to be found chiefly engraved on copper vessels, or carved on stone, wood, or ivory. The method of indicating the tinctures by lines was then unknown, and it is only on enamelled glass lamps that the colours can be distinguished. Thus, except in rare instances, much of the character of heraldry is cut off. On the other hand, the bearings of the Mamlukes possess the interest attaching to official symbolism. A large number of these arms appear to be derived from the office held by the *armiger*. A chamberlain, for example, carried a charge of a key on his escutcheon; a royal taster, a dinner-table; a cup-bearer, a goblet. We are sorry to observe that the majority of the arms which Mr. Rogers has collected carry this latter charge; but the cause is to be discovered less in the intemperate habits of the time than in the fact that the cupbearer was generally a favourite of the Sultan, and often became an officer or governor of high authority. Thus Sheykh, the cupbearer of one of the Mamluke Sultans, used his advantages as a courtier so well that he became practically ruler of Egypt and Syria, and drew an income of two hundred thousand francs a day; and his escutcheon—chief gules, base sable, on a fesse or a cup gules—on a glass lamp is accompanied (like most of these shields) by very high-sounding epithets and surnames. It is probable, indeed, that the well-known Sultan Kait Bey, whose tomb-mosque is among the gems of Arab architecture, was once cupbearer to his predecessor Jakmak; for Kait Bey's arms are on a fesse, a cup, with hieroglyphic characters, between cornucopias, in chief a lozenge, in base another cup. These supposed hieroglyphic characters are among the most remarkable of Mr. Rogers's collection, and occur repeatedly. They are common on the monuments, and mean "Sovereign of the two regions." That the Mamlukes in the fifteenth century could interpret hieroglyphics is most improbable, and until the identity of those characters with the signs on Mamluke arms is definitely established, it were bootless to entertain the supposition. Other charges occurring on Mamluke shields are lozenges, swords, rackets, and balls, fleurs de lis, double-headed eagle, and a target, some of which—notably the double-headed eagle—are well known on coins of a somewhat earlier period.

The existence of Mohammedan heraldry, especially in Egypt, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, may be taken as proved. How far it corresponded to our own employment of coats of arms is doubtful. Mr. Rogers believes the bearings he describes were not hereditary, and to this he attributes their disappearance. Only one case can he recall of a badge passing from father to son. Yet that one case, among a very limited total of armorial bearings, is significant. It is difficult to pronounce decidedly on so narrow an induction; but it should be remembered that there was undoubtedly an hereditary badge of a curious shape in a Turcoman dynasty of Mesopotamia before the period illustrated by Mr. Rogers, and the Mongol families have always shown a predilection for distinctive signs of this nature, as may be seen by a cursory glance at the coinage of the Khans of the Golden Horde in Kipchak or of the Krim Tartars. The question must at present remain open; but it is interesting to find that the devices of chivalry, as well as chivalry itself, were known to the gallant opponents of the Crusaders, and it is curious to speculate whether Europe will ever get the credit of having invented anything beyond railways and the storage of force.

THE LAND'S END.

THERE are certain spots in the scenery of the world which the traveller naturally associates with sunsets. We say nothing of sunrises, which are at least as enchanting in the way of panoramic pictures, since these necessarily involve the disagreeables of early rising. Taking a few of these spots at random, there are the Bosphorus and the *Piano* of Sorrento, the Bays of

Naples and Palermo, the Rigi, or the Faulhorn or other isolated Swiss peaks, and, above all, the Citadel of Cairo, where the British sentries are now mounting guard, and which, we doubt not, sees each evening an assembly of our officers with their attendant troops of donkeys and donkey-boys. But it is not given to everybody to steam to Alexandria, any more than to sail to Corinth, and, weather permitting, we may find a very fair substitute by undertaking the simple, though somewhat tedious, journey to the Land's End. Thence, taking shelter from the cool breath of the autumnal evening under the boulders strewing the wind-blown lawn that crowns the crest of the headland beneath the windows of the little inn, you may look out upon the waste of clouds and waters, blazing in all the fantastic glories of crimson and gold. There are blood-red bands stretched above the horizon that reflect themselves in the still mirror of the ocean, gradually changing to the shimmering tints of the opal before fading away into neutral greys. The fleecy clouds which are banking up against the horizon would show like a colossal range of snow-covered Alps, were it not that their outlines are in perpetual movement; while beneath them the eye may rest in the middle distance on the more material forms of the archipelago of the Scilly Isles. We shall not expatiate, however, on such a sea-view at sunset, though it photographs itself on the memory—in the first place, because picturesque descriptions at second hand are intolerably tiresome; and, in the second place, because we might only tantalize the tourist, who might possibly wait for such a vision for a week or more, and, after all, might have been waiting in vain. For the Land's End lies in watery latitudes; the headland, even in what should be the finest season, may be called the Cape of Storms and Showers; and if we may believe the guide-books, it is not very often that the group of the Scillys is to be clearly distinguished. But, failing the chance of a splendid sunset, there is always the certainty of picturesque walks to fall back upon, unless, indeed, the weather should be exceptionally and perversely malignant. For frequent flying showers only add to the sky-effects; storms show the surf-beaten coast scenery in its grandeur; and even should the more distant prospects be obscured by the mists, there is always much to admire or to interest in the foreground.

Penzance is the natural starting-point for pedestrian expeditions towards the Land's End, and there is one advantage in establishing your headquarters there, inasmuch as you are never reluctant to leave the place. With a couple of very fair hotels, it is one of the dullest of aspiring watering-places, and the abiding sense of its torpor is only relieved by the view of St. Michael's Mount, with the plateau of the Lizard behind. But starting from Penzance for the wilds of the further west, you find that the immediate neighbourhood of the bare-looking little town is by no means destitute of the softer woodland beauties. The roads, which are perpetually rising and falling, and seem to have been engineered with no sort of consideration for the Cornish horses, dip and wind through a succession of well-timbered hollows; for vegetation of all kinds thrives luxuriantly wherever it is sheltered from the fierce sea blasts, as you may gather from the great hydrangea and fuchsia bushes which adorn the cottage gardens. The hamlets are of course picturesquely situated in nooks and corners of these valleys of the blest, where the winds whistle by harmlessly and high overhead. The whistling and the screaming, softened down by distance, is moreover half drowned in the brawling of the inevitable stream, which very generally is partly in flood as it drains off the superabundant moisture from the uncultivated uplands. Sometimes the stream flows clear as crystal among granite boulders over a gravel bottom; but in other places, even after drought, it comes down in a turbid flood which is a strong solution of deep-red clay. In this latter case they have been pumping into it from one of the neighbouring mines, where the adventurers have availed themselves of the convenient water-power to turn the great over-shot wheel which sets the pumping-engines in motion. Where mining is active the cottagers seem well-to-do; and in their solid stone-built cottages in that genial climate they ought to be comparatively independent of fuel. But the most melancholy thing in Cornwall, be it said in passing, is the sight of the crumbling towers surrounded by moss-grown heaps of refuse, which marking the graves of departed capital and the sites of deserted mines, crown almost every height in certain districts. To return to our route, however, the hamlets to the westward of Penzance are for the most part apparently thriving; and indeed a Cornish family need never come to grief, since there is always a welcome for it somewhere in the New World, if it chooses to emigrate. Gradually, however, the deep clefts in the land become shallower, and the villages and solitary farmhouses have to dispense with shelter, except in so far as shelter is afforded by the slope of the ground. Under a dull sky they seem grim and uninviting enough; but in bright sunshine they have a picturesqueness of their own. There is an embarrassment of wealth in the way of the best building material, which blocks the path of the plough in the light arable land when it is not removed by costly blasting. The houses seem meant to endure for ever, and some of them may have stood already for several hundred years. A thick crop of gay, many-coloured lichens has had time to gather on the roofs and walls, which have been stained to the deepest grey by the winds and the wet, even where they remain uncovered. The very pig-sheds round the straw-yard are formed of stupendous blocks; and the shifting of some stones that have been hollowed out into horse troughs might have tasked the

ingenuity of the early Egyptians. The muddy and undrained approaches to the farms are sometimes fenced with long lines of "standing stones," which, were it not that they are so closely set together, might remind one of the remains at Carnac or Lokmariaker. As for the outlying inclosures, the smooth, sharp-edged blocks, matted over with brackens and brambles, and scarcely offering foothold, must be often absolutely impassable to the obese or gouty sportsman; while the stiles with the great gaps left between the horizontal slabs of granite are, so many traps for the unwary in winter. One feature that strikes the stranger in the fields is the little isolated mounds of earth, thickly covered over with cabbages; while another is the number of the well-bred Berkshire hogs that are turned out to grub in the pastures and stubbles, after the cabbages have been duly cut. It is clear, too, that the Cornish folks, like most people who live in wild and primitive country, must be eminently religious. There is no lack of parish churches, where generally a square and somewhat aggressive-looking tower dominates the low mass of the squat aisles and transept which seems to be cowering down among the tombs in terror of the storms. But it may be assumed that the incumbents have some difficulty in filling these consecrated edifices, if we may judge by the number of Wesleyan and Dissenting meeting-houses, each, if possible, balder than the other in the austere simplicity of its architecture.

When you have seen enough of the interior it is easy to reach the coast, for you can never have far to go if you set your face seaward. Remembering that comparisons are odious, we wisely endeavour to dismiss from our mind recollections of the Rochers de Penmarch, the Pointe de Raz, and some of the rock scenery of Brittany, which, although upon a larger scale, is of precisely similar character. And there can be no question that the Cornish coast is very fine, and picturesque enough, under any aspect, to charm anybody. It is not difficult to conceive what it must be in wild weather, when the long swell of the Atlantic lashed into frenzy is roaring round the arched and buttressed basements of the scarped battlements of rock, and being flung back again in Niagara's spray that mingle their glamour with the turmoil. And we speak of battlements advisedly, for it is a peculiar feature of these Cornish cliffs that they appear to be built up of huge, square, roughly-dressed blocks, which keep their place on the edges by their intrinsic weight, but would nevertheless be all the safer for cementing. As it happened, we last walked along these cliffs when all was exceptionally calm and peaceful. So slight was the long ocean swell, that bending the ear from the cliffs above we could not hear the faintest murmur of the surf as it rasped the pebbles on the shingle. But, on the other hand, it was a day to approach the very brink of the giddiest promontories in perfect confidence; to look down over the shelves frequented by the choughs and jackdaws to the gulls that were circling over water like a millpond; to admire the glowing tints of the mosses and lichens that cover the rocks more luxuriantly than the roofs of the farmhouses, as is but natural, seeing that the rocks are the more venerable formation; to lie and bask and gaze out to seaward, where a fleet of white-sailed fishing-boats is fishing for pollack, whiting, and gurnets round scarcely submerged reefs, while the lines of ships and steamers passing up and down Channel dot the distant sea against the sky-line. Nor can anything be prettier or pleasanter than the way in which the Cornish coast is carpeted. On the very crests of the headlands, where the winds cut like a patent lawn-mower, there is nothing but the shortest and most wiry turf; but wherever in the undulations of the ground there is reasonable protection, there is a thick low covering of ling and furze. The bloom of the dense ling is as rich as the stalks are short, while as for the furze, although it would appear to have been regularly trimmed and shorn, it is on that account all the fuller in blossom and more fragrant. And the soft scents and the bright colouring are the more charming by contrast with the barren waste immediately behind. Between the Logan Rock and the Land's End is a great stretch of brown peat bog, which, save that it seems to be free from "moss-pots," and tolerably safe to "travel," as the Scotch say, recalls some of the least engaging districts in the Scotch Highlands. The line of the rough foot-track across it is indicated by two beacons on the highest ground, which, whether originally intended for the guidance of pedestrians or not, must be simply invaluable to them in mist or snowstorm. And yet close to those lonely rocks and that "blasted heath" the most feverish pulses of modern business energy are throbbing incessantly by day and night. For in a deep chasm to the eastward are the buildings of a Telegraph Company, where messages between America and England are received and transmitted in either direction. Another agreeable evidence of the higher civilization is the new inn on the very verge of the Land's End, where one may rest and be thankful after the rough walk, and either lunch or dine and sleep on occasion. Of course, except to the artist, the poet, or the day-dreamer, a little of the Land's End will go a long way; for, although the cliffs are fine and the sea views superb, the surrounding scenery inland is even more monotonous and melancholy than what we generally meet with in wild Western Cornwall. Nevertheless it will well repay the pilgrimage from Paddington; and, on the whole, there is little to complain of in the railway arrangements, although the trains to the west of Plymouth might be accelerated, and there is room for improvement in the matter of punctuality.

BEING DROPPED.

CONSIDERING the abundance of what is called social literature, the tons of novels treating of the doings of good society in town and country, and the profusion of smart articles describing the pleasures of high life, it seems odd that none of the writers should care to favour us with their personal experiences of that very common social accident known as "being dropped." Yet they could, if they chose, tell us a good deal on this subject that might be interesting, and their reticence seems the more extraordinary when we consider their readiness to afford us every information regarding their other social experiences.

There seems to us to be much in common between the pains of being dropped and those of toothache. Both are forms of acute suffering that obtain no pity for the patient. Neither can be called a very terrible calamity, and yet each is exceedingly distressing. In both cases we are able to follow our usual vocations, while we are tormented and tortured without meeting with any sympathy. There may be a certain grim satisfaction in a regular quarrel, and we may fancy that there is something majestic in relapsing from Christian names into "sir," and from "sir" into a dead cut; but there is neither satisfaction, majesty, nor romance in being quietly dropped without any apparent reason. We have had friends who never could see enough of us. Two or three hours spent with them to-day seemed to afford them no satisfaction unless they were assured that we would devote to them the greater part of to-morrow also. They consulted our opinions on all their affairs. The books they read were mostly of our choosing, the trees they cut down were of our marking, and they seldom bought a horse without our advice. A word from us would make or lose them a friend, and our enemies were their enemies. By degrees we fancied that their manner was cooler, and it was certain that their letters to us were fewer. When we were together there began to be long and tedious pauses in the conversation; they no longer implored us to remain when we rose to leave, nor expressed anxiety for the pleasure of our society on the morrow. We were bold enough to hint that all did not seem to be quite as of old; but our fears on this point were derided, and we were assured that everything was right. Yet their invitations became fewer and fewer, until at last there was a long interval without any. Then we determined that it should not be through our fault if the friendship ceased, and we went to see them; but we were made to feel that, instead of being at home, we were paying a call, and although we were treated civilly and even courteously, we felt that, as far as friendship was concerned, we had received our congé. If we had had any good cause for complaint of their conduct, we could have borne it with equanimity; but to be quietly, systematically, and politely dropped, before the eyes of the world, without having any excuse for appealing to that world against the injustice, was bitterly humiliating. The worst of it is that at such moments as these, stung by the perfidy of a faithless friend against whom we have no tangible ground of complaint, we are apt to put ourselves in the wrong by opposing him in some matter of public or private interest. In his present condition of feeling towards us he is pretty certain to seize the opportunity of breaking from us altogether, and the world will then say how badly we have behaved. But whether we act wisely or foolishly, the process of being dropped is sufficiently unpleasant; and, when we have mastered our feelings, and to some extent recovered from our mortification, our wounds are not unlikely to be reopened by kind inquiries from our friends as to whether we "see as much of the Plantagenets as" we "used to do."

Even among mere acquaintances the process of being dropped is far from agreeable, although it may be less painful than among friends. Here, again, the operation is usually somewhat gradual. We do not receive so many invitations from some acquaintances as formerly, nor do they accept the invitations that we send to them. When we meet they are studiously civil, but they make long inquiries concerning the health of our relatives—always a bad sign—instead of entering into pleasant conversation. We have strong reasons for suspecting that, after refusing our invitations, they accepted those of others, and they are "not at home" on days and at hours when we used always to make sure of finding them. Still we try to make excuses for them, or, to be more candid, we endeavour to persuade ourselves that we are not being dropped. We prevail on ourselves to believe that they are not entertaining at present; that they are deeply afflicted at the death of an aunt, and that their country house is practically shut up. Then we hear that they are having a series of large parties, and that our nearest neighbours have been staying with them. We like to imagine that they are very quiet in London this season, and that they only see their own relatives and a few very old friends; but we awaken to the fact that this is not the case when we see an awning over their doorways and tree-ferns being carried into their houses. The *Morning Post* also witnesses to their misdeeds, and we feel that we have had that "hint to stay away" which is so doubly galling in the case of people who used habitually to invite us to their parties. Even ill-conditioned people who do not themselves aspire to shine in high society will ask us whether we were at the Talltowers's ball last night, maliciously adding, "I thought they were such friends of yours."

If some energy is required to make friends, much is necessary to keep them. We are not so misanthropical as to maintain that friendship is a purely commercial transaction, and that when value ceases to be received payment stops; but we cannot deny that

friendly intercourse seldom continues when either of the parties to it ceases to gratify the other. It is all very well, in dilating upon the charms of friendship, to dwell upon the pleasures of an interchange of ideas; but it is not everybody whose ideas are unlimited, and when two people have interchanged their entire stock of these commodities, friendship itself is likely to become rather an idea than a reality. When this is the case it can hardly be a matter for surprise if one of the parties to the friendship tries to shuffle out of the bargain. Such conduct is of course very wrong, but it is unfortunately consistent with human nature. Nor should we forget that some of the friends who profess such a liking for us may have formed an exaggerated estimate of our perfections. Few of us are so excellent that we cannot be esteemed too highly, and if we fail to fulfil our friends' expectations on all points, it is not unlikely that they may regard us as impostors. We remember a very ordinary person having the misfortune to say "a good thing" quite by accident among strangers. All his hearers immediately desired to be introduced to him, and he was promptly secured for several desirable parties. As he was anxious to get on in society, heaven seemed now to have opened to him; but his new friends' affection for him ceased when they found that he did not continue to say good things, and he was thrown on one side as a machine that would not work. There are many accidents by which we may wake and find ourselves famous, but we must go on working miracles if we wish to maintain our fame and our friendships. Yet, do what we may, we must be prepared to face some social losses, for many pleasant people like variety and are as fond of change of friends as of change of air or scene. They do not quarrel with the old friends, but they find new human playthings and drop the old ones.

Many social droppings are owing to the offices of "mutual friends," who make accusations of which the accused never hear. In social courts the case is tried in the prisoner's absence, and he is neither aware of the charge nor of the fact that there is any indictment against him. He is rarely if ever represented at his trial, although there are generally plenty of counsel for the prosecution, and his sentence is carried out before he knows that it has been pronounced. Banishment for life from certain houses is the punishment frequently awarded; a year or two of exile being considered a merely nominal sentence, while six months is thought about equivalent to the sixpence and costs of criminal law courts. The offences which are thus punished may be heinous, but they are scarcely felonious. They are often much of the following type—showing civility to an unpopular person, not receiving an invitation to some great house, failing to appear at some social gathering, charitable speaking, loss of money, or, worst of all, piety.

In considering the ease with which friendships are dropped it is well to remember the very slender bonds by which very often they are held together. One man will be the frequent guest of another merely because he is an excellent shot; some people will strike up a friendship on the strength of a joint political or religious interest; and many a warm alliance has been made simply because both parties to it have had a common enemy. A dozen or so of the younger intimates at a great house generally owe their footing to their good waltzing, and about an equal number of the old ones are only welcome as scandalmongers. If, therefore, our hand becomes unsteady, or our political ardour cools, or we become reconciled with our enemy, we shall certainly be dropped by some of our friends and acquaintances, and we must then be prepared to find our post-bag devoid of invitations. After all, most friendships come lightly; so, if they also go lightly, we ought not to be astonished.

It is not easy to be philosophical at the moment of being dropped into the social mirrour; but in after times, when we reflect upon the various experiences of this sort that we have gone through, we do not feel so heartbroken as might have been expected. If some friends are lost, others have been gained, while many of the lost have shown that they were not worth regretting. We are wicked enough also to take comfort from the discovery that we are by no means the only people that have been dropped by our faithless friends, and we persuade ourselves that upon the whole we have suffered less in this way than our neighbours. Best of all, time, in a few instances, has done wonders, and occasionally we have been picked up again by our former friends. As a final remark on the subject we will add that it may be worth considering whether in every case in which we have been dropped the fault has been entirely that of others, and whether we have in no single instance dropped our own friends without sufficient reason.

JEDBURGH ABBEY.

THERE was doubtless a good and sufficient reason why Jedburgh was not visited when the Archaeological Institute made their recent raid across the Border from Carlisle, but they thus missed one of the best worth seeing of the Scotch abbeys. Both in historical and architectural interest, Jedburgh may vie with any of the monastic foundations with which David I., that "saintly man for the Crown," as his successor styled him, with wise munificence enriched Teviotdale. The group is, indeed, a remarkable one. Hardly anywhere, even in England, can four such grand monastic ruins be found in such close proximity, and however sorely they may have suffered in the fierce storm of the Reformation, we must add, to the honour of their present

possessors, that they are most sedulously cared for. Melrose, with its over-profuse decoration, so strangely at variance with the primitive simplicity of the Cistercian rule, is, like Roa Lin Chapel, too much of an architectural curiosity to be generally pleasing, and too closely pressed upon by its modern surroundings. Kelso is another town-set Abbey. It is built by English artillery, it towers like a huge giant above the commonplace dwellings that cluster round its stately ruins. Its budding aisleless nave, of only two bays projection, is probably unique. The palm for picturesqueness of beauty must be given to Dryburgh, immortalized by the poet's grave in St. Mary's aisle, as its sister of Melrose has been by his pen. Little of the church remains, beyond the gables and arcades of the Early First Pointed transepts, and a fragment of the nave. The doorways deserve notice for their refined simplicity—almost faultless examples of their style. The monastic buildings, chapter-house, day room, and the like, which have completely perished in the other abbeys, are here fairly perfect, clustering in a picturesque group on the steep southern bank of the broad swift Tweed. They occupy the customary position at the south of the church. For the sake of drainage to the river at Melrose, the cloister court is placed, less usually, on the north. The Abbey of Jedburgh, though too close to the town to satisfy the lover of monastic seclusion, is removed from its noise and bustle and all its meaner associations. With its long arched nave and massive square tower it stands conspicuously on a sunny ridge above the rapid and picturesque Jed, "beautiful for situation," but terribly open to the artillery of its frequent assailants from the other side of the Border, of which its battered walls bear unmistakable evidence.

The steep red sandstone banks of the Jed were once the scene of a strange mishap during the Earl of Surrey's fierce inroad of 1523. On the night of September 22, it being full moon, Surrey marched on Jedburgh, which, we are told, then had "twice as many houses as Berwick, with six strong towers, and lodgings for a thousand horsemen." The next morning he attacked the town at the head of six thousand men, supported by the Earl of Westmoreland and Lord Dacre of Gilsland, Warden of the English Marches. The place, being unwalled, in spite of a brave resistance was speedily taken and fired. The Abbey was also taken by assault, after having held out valiantly till two hours after nightfall, and burnt. The next day, after storming the castle of Fernihurst, and taking prisoner Lord Dacre's mortal enemy, Sir Andrew Ker, the hereditary seneschal of the Abbey, and his garrison, Surrey and his men returned to their camp, which they had fenced in with their baggage waggons and a hasty entrenchment. The wilful Dacre refused to bring within the rampart the cavalry of which he was commander. After nightfall some of the horses got alarmed. The panic spread. The animals broke away from their pickets, and dashed away at full speed. Surrey's men were surprised at their supper by their quick tramp and clattering hoofs. Concluding that it was a surprise of the Scots, they flew to their weapons, and shot away above a hundred sheaves of their arrows before they discovered their mistake. Some fifty of the maddened beasts hurled themselves over the cliffs, and were maimed or killed in the fall. Two hundred more dashed into the burning town, where they fell an easy prey to the women cowering among the smouldering ruins of their homesteads, by whom they were caught and led off in triumph. Dacre and his men excused the disaster and sought to avert the blame of their own foolhardiness by the suggestion of the agency of evil spirits. In his despatch to Cardinal Wolsey, Surrey says:—"I dare not write the wondres that my Lord Dacre and all his compayne doo saye they sawe that nyght vj tymys of spirits and feresel syghtys. And universally all their company doo saye playnly the devyl was that nyght among them vj tymys; which myfortune hath blemished the best journey that was made in Scotland many yeres."

The older form of the name was "Jedwood," or "Jedworth," popularly contracted into "Jeddart," with which the terms "Jeddart justice"—an older form of Lynch law—and the "Jeddart staff" and "Jeddart axe" have familiarized us. All will remember how, at "Branksome Hall" (actually existing not many miles from Jedburgh),

Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontles of steel I trow,
With Jeddart axe at saddle-bow.

The "Jeddart staff" was a long wooden pole shod with iron—"Ferrum chalybeum quatuor pedibus longum in robusti ligni extremo"—which the Borderers knew well how to use with fatal power. The first mention of Jedburgh is in the ninth century, when it formed part of a gift made to the see of Lindisfarne by Bishop Ecgred between 830 and 845 A.D. The original Jedburgh, like the original Melrose, stood about a mile and a half higher up the stream. Here, as at old Melrose, a little hamlet had begun to gather round a humble house of Celtic monks, which was subsequently removed by Egfrid to the present site. Both "villes" were included in the gift to his bishopric; and, as part of the heritage of St. Cuthbert, Jedburgh passed to the see of Durham. About 1093 we find Turgot, the Prior of Durham, casting out from the church, as so much filth—"talis spurcita," Simeon of Durham calls it—the body of Eadwulf, one of the murderers of Bishop Walcher, who, having fled beyond the Teviot, here met with his death by a woman's hand, and had been buried within its sacred precincts.

"Our imperfect acquaintance with the first Christianization of Scotland," writes the late Professor Cosmo Innes, "ceases with the

seventh century. The four centuries that follow are all darkness. The twelfth century is the renewal of light, and, at the same time, the era of a great revolution in society." Scotland was then passing through one of the most important periods in her history. Frequent marriages had closely allied her Royal house with that of England; the connexion of the two kingdoms consequently became more intimate; and her internal condition, both socially and religiously, advanced more rapidly than it had ever done before. The great instrument in this advance was David, the brother of one Matilda (Henry I.'s "good Queen Maud"), the uncle of another Matilda ("the Empress"), and the husband of a third (the daughter of the martyred Waltheof), deriving his own descent through his mother, the sainted Margaret, the sister of Edgar Atheling, from the old English royal house. Brought up at the court of his brother-in-law, he shared in Beaufort's literary tastes; and, like him, regarded the foundation of religious houses, the only possible centres at that time of religious light and moral and intellectual elevation, as the surest means of dispelling the ignorant barbarism which disgraced his subjects. If David may be almost called the creator of the more recent kingdom of Scotland, he was certainly the creator of the Church of Scotland in its organized form. It is said by his biographer Elred that he founded three bishoprics in Scotland and left nine. The "inquisition" of the lands of the see of Glasgow, made in 1120, records that the confusions and revolutions in the country had not only destroyed all traces of the ancient see of St. Kentigern, but had almost abolished Christianity itself, and ascribes the restoration of the Church and of religion to David, whose praises as a man and as a king, exhibiting a pattern of every Christian and princely virtue, all contemporaneous writers agree in sounding. On the first dismemberment of the vast diocese of Lindisfarne, Teviotdale contributed to the formation of two Scotch dioceses, the part north of the Tweed being given to St. Andrews, while the district between the Tweed and the hills of the Border was assigned to the resuscitated see of Glasgow. David was at that time only Earl of Cumbria, not succeeding to his brother Alexander's throne till 1124, some fifteen years after John, his tutor and intimate friend, and for some time his chancellor, had been consecrated Bishop of Glasgow by Pope Paschal with the consent of Archbishop Thurstan of York, who with his successors long claimed metropolitan jurisdiction over Southern Scotland. John is described as a restless energetic man, bold in action and undaunted in spirit. He was David's counsellor in his great ecclesiastical reforms, and the Abbey of Jedburgh was founded by his aid. The bold independence of his character is shown in the resolution with which he refused submission to the see of York, in defiance of the mandates of three successive Popes, and, deaf to papal and archiepiscopal prohibitions and anathemas, carried out his design of a pilgrimage to, and long residence at, Jerusalem. Rather than yield to pope or prelate, John abdicated his see, and became a monk at Tiron. Still, loyal to his sovereign, regal authority had more weight with him than ecclesiastical fulminations. The mandate of King Malcolm brought back the reluctant John—"pseudo-episcopum" Pope Innocent called him—"ipso multum resistente"—to his barbarous diocese, and he died Bishop of Glasgow in 1147, and was buried at Jedburgh. In 1118, six years before he came to the throne, David, pushing aside, after a vain attempt to reform their irregular habits, the degenerate remnants of the Culdees, brought a little colony of regular canons of the Augustinian order from the abbey of St. Quentin, near Beauvais, and planted them by his own forest castle on the banks of the Jed. Here the new comers soon won the veneration of the people by their ascetic lives and zealous missionary labours. The new house was dedicated to the Virgin, and was largely endowed by its founder, whose charter was confirmed by his son Henry, in right of his mother Earl of Huntingdon, whose decease in 1152 was one of the earliest of those premature removals of a hopeful heir to the throne from which the kingdom of Scotland has suffered more perhaps than any other in history. The churches of Barton and Grendon, as far away as Northamptonshire, were added by his grandson, Malcolm IV., "the Maiden," who died at Jedburgh December 9, 1165, also prematurely cut off, in his twenty-fifth year, thirteen years of his short life having been passed on the throne.

We pass over the squabbles between the canons and the Bishops of Glasgow, settled at length practically in favour of the Bishop by an arbitration given in the chapel at Nesbit in 1220. The canons were ordered to yield obedience to the Bishop in "all canonical matters in a canonical manner, saving their mutual privileges, while the abbot was to attend" the dedication festival of the Cathedral of Glasgow, "aut per se aut per alium," and not to omit attendance at synods. A marked contrast this to the growing practice in England of exempting monasteries from episcopal control, so fatal to church order and subversive of episcopal government.

The valley of Jedburgh is one of the most lovely in Scotland, and its castle became the favourite residence of Alexander III. After the death of his queen, Margaret, sister of our Henry III., followed by that of his only son, leaving his granddaughter ("the Maid of Norway" of Border minstrelsy) the sole heir to the throne, Alexander, still in the flower of his age, married Joletta, the daughter of the Count of Dreux. The wedding festivities were kept at Jedburgh October 14, 1285, and became ever memorable for the mysterious figure—some whispered it was Death itself joining the dance—which, gliding like a shadow through the festal hall behind the merry band of masquers, and suddenly vanishing, broke up the revels, and filled the minds of all with a superstitious

dread, only too truly presaging the intensity of the calamities which speedily followed. A few months later Alexander was pressing homewards by a precipitous path along the seaboard of Fife; his horse stumbled and fell over the cliff, dragging his rider with him, and the throne was left vacant. The death of the Maid of Norway on her voyage to Scotland gave rise to the wars of the succession which plunged the unhappy realm into lasting anarchy and confusion. With the war of succession the troubles of Jedburgh began. The abbots took a leading part in the dispute, and were for some time safe under the protection of England. But war being rekindled in 1297, the English forces, to avenge the destruction of Hexham, when the church and monastery were pillaged and burnt, the brethren murdered or scattered, and two hundred hapless schoolboys literally roasted alive in the grammar school by Wallace and his banditti, swooped down on Jedburgh, and devastated the Abbey. The leader of the marauding force, Sir Richard Hastings, stripped the lead from the roof of the church, which he detained even after the King had issued his mandate for its restoration. The canons were reduced to so pitiable a state of destitution that Edward II. in 1300 distributed them among various religious houses in England, which he charged with their maintenance until their own house should be repaired. At the general peace in 1328 it was ordered that all the English estates should be restored to Jedburgh and the other abbeys of Teviotdale. But it was easier to command than to ensure obedience, and some years later some hapless canons of Jedburgh and Dryburgh, taking a journey to England to sue for the restitution of their property, were barbarously murdered.

The remainder of the history of Jedburgh is little more than a series of savage inroads and as savage reprisals. The castle, which had been in the hands of the English since the battle of Neville's Cross in 1346 had put the Border counties in their power, was wrested from them in 1409 by a rising of the common people of Teviotdale, skilled in Border warfare from their youth, armed with the Jeddart axe and Jeddart staff, which they knew so well how to wield. The Scottish Parliament ordered the destruction of the castle, and, the power of gunpowder for mining purposes being as yet unknown, a hearth-tax of twopence was proposed to pay the labourers who were, by sheer force of hand and pick, to "ding down" the fortress. The measure was thought to be oppressive. The Regent Albany's love of popularity caused him to set it aside, and the "slighting" was paid for out of the Royal revenue. The next year, as a reprisal, the town—probably no more than a sorry village of thatched huts, with here and there a strong peel-tower, the home of some bold marauder—was pillaged and burnt by Sir Robert Umfraville, the governor of Berwick. Six or seven years later the hapless place was burnt a second time by Umfraville, and a third time it suffered the same fate at the hands of the Earl of Warwick in 1460, as a punishment for the help rendered to Queen Margaret of Anjou by the Borderers. The breathing-time given by the peace between the two countries during the reign of Henry VII., though constantly disturbed by Border forays, was rudely broken by the disastrous defeat of Flodden. The battle was fought on September 9th, 1513. Towards the end of the following month, October 28th, Lord Thomas Dacre, Warden of the Marches, writing from Carlisle to the Bishop of Durham, describes the "iij rods caused to be made in Teviotdale; where great destruction was both of brynnings and taking of goodes"; adding, "I entend Tevidale shal be kept wakyngh whilis (until) I deale with them myself." Ten years later, 1523, occurred Surrey's savage inroad, when Jedburgh, Abbey and all, was taken and burnt, and Lord Dacre lost his cavalry in the nocturnal panic of which we have already spoken. The summary of the achievements of the invaders is given with a cold-blooded frankness in a letter of Dacre's to Wolsey, June 11, 1524:—"Litill or nothing is left upon the frontiers of Scotland, without it be part of ald houses whereof the thak and covereings are taken away, by reason whereof they cannot be brint." Such was Border warfare. As far as practicable every house was burnt and all means of subsistence swept away, leaving the wretched inhabitants without a roof to shelter them or food to eat. Jedburgh had hardly recovered from Surrey's sweeping devastation when the invasion under Lords Hertford and Lisle—better known as Protector Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland—caused it once more to taste all the miseries of a desolating warfare, attended with circumstances of the most revolting barbarity, in which "the church was no more sacred than the corn and cottage of the unnamed peasant."

In the early part of 1545, the year after Edinburgh and Leith had been sacked and burnt, Sir Ralph Eure directed Lord Hertford's attention to Jedburgh as "the strength of Teviotdale, which once destroyed"—and some traitor Scots had offered to destroy it for twenty marks—"a small force would be able to keep the Borders of Scotland in subjection." Hertford at once resolved that so important a position should be made his own. He wrote to Henry VIII. that as soon as his horses and men had been refreshed, there should be "a warden's rode" made to Jedworth, "not doubting but that, with the grace of God, it should be feasible enough to win the town, and also the church and Abbey, which is thought to be a house of some strength, and might be made a good fortress." A pious resolution, most faithfully fulfilled. Lord Eure and his son started for Jedburgh on June 11—"Barney bright"—and after some resistance the ill-fated town, with its Abbey, was sacked and burnt, 500 horses being laden with the booty taken. Two months later, while Hertford with 12,000 men was laying waste the Merse and Teviotdale in fierce vengeance for the defeat of Ancram Moor, the Abbot of Jedburgh, with his

brother of Dryburgh, joined in person the Earls of Bothwell and Home in the diversion attempted, with the aid of the French mercenaries, by an inroad into Northumberland. The attempt was a disastrous failure. After inflicting much mischief, they were driven back, with considerable loss, by the garrison of Norham.

This warlike abbot was the last of his race. The fierce storm of the Reformation had long been gathering; Wishart's martyrdom was speedily followed by the murder of Cardinal Beaton. This was the signal for the opening of the floodgates. The monasteries were everywhere marked out for plunder and demolition. Jedburgh Abbey fell with the rest. It had never recovered the devastation of 1545, and was suppressed in 1559 and its revenues annexed to the Crown, while whatever of marketable value in the buildings "the caterpillars" of English plunderers had left, the "palmer-worm" of fanaticism devoured. After it had remained for some years a roofless ruin, an unsightly fabric was fitted up within the walls of the nave, roofed over at the triforium level, to serve as the parish kirk. This incubus on the lovely proportions of the church has happily been recently removed by the good taste of the present possessor, who has built a much more convenient place of worship for the Establishment.

The marks of the Reformers' axes and hammers were still fresh when in 1566 Mary Queen of Scots, barely four months' mother, her ill-conditioned husband, sulking meanwhile like a petulant schoolboy at the house of his cold-blooded, politic father, having visited Jedburgh, to hold a Justice Court to investigate and repress the disorders of the Borders, paid that strange and sudden visit to Bothwell, lying sick at his castle of Hermitage of wounds received in a hand-to-hand encounter with one of the "strapping Elliots," which has been regarded, according to the different views of her character, either as a damning proof of guilt, or merely as an official visit to a faithful servant sorely injured in execution of his Sovereign's warrant, but the mystery of which, as is the case with so many events in her strangely chequered life, can never be fully solved. Having opened the court on October 9th, on the 16th she rode across the moors to Hermitage, a distance of five-and-twenty miles, and after spending two hours by Bothwell's bedside she returned the same day to Jedburgh, being nearly lost on her way in a treacherous morass still known as "the Queen's Mire," in which her horse sank up to the saddle-girths. The long ride of fifty miles, the night air, the fright, together with the "thought or displeasure" which, in her own words, "had their root" in her unworthy husband, and the great distress caused by the state of Bothwell, brought on a serious attack of fever, which lasted a week, and had all but proved fatal. The turreted house occupied by Mary during her stay at Jedburgh, for which she paid 40*l.* to the lady of Fernihurst, is still pointed out, as well as that in which Darnley, tardily visiting his little loved wife, was lodged for the single night he was reluctantly permitted to remain in her neighbourhood. "In unhappy contrast," writes Mr. Froude, "the Earl of Bothwell was brought as soon as he could be moved to Jedburgh," and in company with him the Queen left the town for Kelso on her way to Edinburgh for her son's baptism. The scandal, whether well grounded or not, was abiding; and when, twenty years later, Mary's faithful adherents Buccleuch and Fernihurst made an attempt to seize Jedburgh for their captive sovereign, the people of the town offered a stout resistance, and Ruthven coming up in their rear, the leaders were compelled to give up their project, and scatter their men to the various mountain fastnesses around.

Though so roughly handled both by foreign enemies and the "foes of its own household," the fabric of the Abbey church of Jedburgh is nearly complete. Little remains of the western aisles, and the eastern termination of the choir has perished; but the nave, central tower, and transepts, with the two western bays of the choir, remain. The ground-plan is singular from the shortness of the transepts, which, as at the sister Abbeys of Dryburgh and Kelso—Glasgow Cathedral is another example—did not originally project beyond the side aisles. An addition was made in the fourteenth century to the north transept, with traceried windows of excellent flamboyant design, which now serves as the burial-place of the Lothian family. In the choir, which may safely be referred to the original foundation by Earl David, one is almost startled by finding the peculiar arrangement of aisle and triforium familiar to us in the Cathedral of Oxford. The main pier, a huge cylinder, runs up to the triforium range, and carries the chief arch at that level, the pier arch hanging on in a subsidiary fashion without corbel or respond to the flanks of the pier, which slices off the springing of its deeply-cut mouldings. The triforium gallery is set back within the main arch. In style it is earlier than Oxford. The two sides vary, the north being later than the south. There was an evident break in the work on the completion of the triforium. The clerestory, as well as the added bays to the east, are Early English. We see the same not very graceful kneel window-shafts as at Hexham, the capital occurring very far below the springing of the arch, at the level of the wall passage. The very noble arches of the crossing are also late Norman; but the piers have been altered and strengthened and the arches underbuilt in Decorated times to make them equal to the weight of the central tower—low, but ponderous. The nave, of about the same length as those of Ripon and Rochester, is a remarkably fine specimen of what Sir Gilbert Scott called "the Transition from the Transition to the developed Early English." While the round arch is kept in the doors and windows and minor openings, the pointed arch is used in the pier range and wherever strength was of importance. In the triforium the enclosing arch is round, the sub-arches pointed. The

square abacus appears in the two lower ranges, and only gives place to the round abacus in the clerestory, which forms a continuous arcade of lancets. The characteristic Transition volute—the Ionic volute inverted—is seen on the capitals of the main piers. The beauty of the proportions and purity of the details of this magnificent nave, one of the noblest relics of its age, can hardly be exaggerated. The great western doorway and that from the south aisle into the cloisters are justly described by Sir Gilbert Scott as "perfect gems of refined Norman of the highest class and most artistic finish." An admirably executed reproduction of the south door has been erected by the Marquess of Lothian on the site of that originally opening into the west alley of the cloister, which had been completely destroyed. We have mentioned the happy ejection by Lord Lothian of the Presbyterian Kirk which had so long encumbered the nave. It only remains to add that the ruins are now watched over with a loving care which we could wish to see extended to other abbey ruins—especially to the grand Cistercian church of Kirkstall, which for want of timely attention is fast becoming actually dangerous to its visitors. The aisles at Jedburgh have almost entirely perished. They were covered with a richly moulded quadripartite vault. The central alley, both of nave and choir, as Hexham and Whitby, had an open timber roof of very high pitch. The west front is of great dignity and beauty. Tall, stately lancets occupy the centre. Below is the elaborate doorway with side arches, already spoken of, under a triple pediment. In the gable is a wheel window of later date, rivalling the celebrated example in the Bishop's Palace at St. David's.

PICTURESQUE TOWN HOUSES.

WHETHER the present interest in things supposed to be beautiful has not outstripped knowledge and real taste may well be questioned. People who have no instinctive appreciation of art may sometimes acquire it, but movements such as this depend for encouragement and support more upon money than anything else. Those who have wealth are impatient of the restraints which want of taste imposes on them. They are constantly trying to persuade themselves that costliness is the measure of beauty, and they find a whole army of dealers, brokers, professional decorators, auctioneers, printsellers, and other intermediaries to uphold the view. It is not, of course, true that great beauty can be attained in a house without the expenditure of money; but it is very true that decoration requires to be mixed, like Sir Joshua's paint, with brains. No expenditure will purchase picturesqueness or taste, while a very modest outlay only is required to make even such an unsatisfactory building as an ordinary suburban villa pleasant to the eye as well as comfortable. A sabbath day's journey through the West End of London at the present day abundantly illustrates this truism. It abundantly illustrates also the abject servility of people who have no ideas of their own to those who can originate a feature and adapt small means to fair ends. If one man in a street puts bull's-eyes in his hall-door, the whole street follows his lead in a very few years. If one villa sets up window-boxes for flowers, the whole row blossoms out in a month. Yet until the example is set, the ordinary British householder never reflects that he may as well have his hall light as dark, or that flowers are fragrant and comparatively inexpensive. The want of originality and the tendency to follow a fashion are saddening features in the whole prospect of an improvement of taste. It is to be feared that when the present influences fail the movement will cease. When Inigo Jones was alive there must have been a great deal of taste abroad among our ancestors. Vandyke was painting at Blackfriars. The King was forming the splendid gallery of pictures of which so many are still in England. The Arundel marbles were being gathered. Wren was holding up his rapidly increasing light both at Oxford and Cambridge. Yet a hundred years later taste was dead and buried. We must acknowledge that we have no earnest that there will be any long continuance in the contemporary pursuit of art and beauty; on the contrary, there are indications about us that such extremes as those of the so-called aesthetic people are bringing high art into ridicule, and raising up a not unreasonable feeling of opposition in the mind of the average man. Their vagaries are quite as unpleasant to him as the ugliness of those at whom they rail. To him also the high prices given for pictures and furniture at some recent sales are equally objectionable. He confounds the two things, no doubt; but it cannot be denied that there is a certain connexion of ideas between them. The woman who goes about in a faded costume of ancient cut, and wears a lackadaisical expression and dishevelled hair, is on a par with the man who spends thousands on a chest of drawers or a china jar. And there is an uncomfortable feeling abroad among those who have the wish to be in the fashion, and who perhaps have no means of gratifying it except by ordering from the best furnishing decorator those house ornaments which, to be really pleasing to their owner, ought to emanate from his own consciousness of what is fitting and pretty. They go about fearing to see a drawing-room perhaps more charming than their own, which, as they have not designed it themselves, they may not fully appreciate. Their knowledge of its merits is chiefly gathered from a contemplation of the bill they paid. When they find that some one else without any bill has attained by simple means an even higher measure of artistic success, they are not unreasonably distressed.

Besides those who buy and pay for beauty in their houses there is a very large class who spend their money without any return of this kind. Very few passengers along the Kensington Road will be sorry to watch the disappearance of the ugliest house of its size probably ever built. On the site covered by this hideous erection some of us remember two of the most picturesque houses near London. True, one of them was a lunatic asylum, and the other was said to be haunted. Sir Thomas Colby may well have "walked," if King's account of him is true. "I knew," he says in his *Anecdotes*, "one Sir Thomas Colby, who lived at Kensington, and was, I think, a Commissioner in the Victualling Office; he killed himself by rising in the middle of the night when he was in a very profuse sweat, the effect of a medicine he had taken for that purpose, and walking down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlour." His fortune, of about a quarter of a million, was divided among five or six day labourers, his nearest of kin. His house commemorated him as well as a monument which is still in Kensington Church, and in which he is recorded to have died in 1729. Colby House was in the style which has now again come into fashion under the misleading name of "Queen Anne." It contained some charming old rooms, and deserved a better fate. The site is to be covered with streets and squares, and it is at least possible to feel confident that they cannot be so ugly as the building they are to supplant. The comfortless air of the great chambers, nearly all of which had through lights, the oppressive bad taste of the painted ceilings, the coldness of windows filled with enormous sheets of plate-glass, the contrast of carved marble and grained woodwork, but, above all, the fact that everything was in duplicate, oppressed the mind of the visitor with a feeling of absolute disgust. The staircase to the right was exactly the same as the staircase to the left. The archway to the dining-room was exactly the same as the archway to the billiard-room. Even the chimney-pieces on opposite sides of the house, perhaps sixty feet or more apart, were alike, carved in the same white marble with the same pastoral scene. The designer of the house must have greatly reduced the amount of his own trouble by these arrangements. To the visitor they appeared singularly at variance with the principles of our great classical architects, Wren or Gibbs or Nash, who endeavoured apparently to adapt a symmetrical exterior to the greatest possible variety of interior. Here interior and exterior were alike symmetrical; and, so far, it must be confessed that an original effect was produced. In these days of art progress, and in the immediate neighbourhood of our boasted institutions for the universal dissemination of taste, the fact that this house should have been found fit for nothing but to be pulled down and sold as building materials is a sad comment on contemporary civilization. Money had not been spared. On the contrary, it was poured out with a lavishness to which we know of no parallel, except that afforded by the Khedive Ismail in his palace at Gezeh. The marble staircase cost some 10,000*l.*, yet was only considered worth the tithe of that sum when it came to the auctioneer's hammer. Everything else was sold at the same rate; and Kensington House will soon, it is hoped, be a matter of history—an example of the very opposite kind to that which Keats described as a joy for ever. We can even imagine that the future historian of Kensington, unless it be to point a moral, will wholly omit this episode. Within the past few weeks a very different sale took place in the adjoining parish of Chelsea. Here an old house, long inhabited by an artist-poet whose work of both kinds will live to a remote generation, offers us a curious but opposite contrast. In Cheyne Walk there are few more picturesque houses than that of the lamented Dante Rossetti. Of late years declining health and absence from home made him suffer it to go much out of repair, and the furniture and hangings to become grimy with London dust and soot. Yet the taste, the beauty, the air of comfort, of refinement, of thought and artistic knowledge could not be obliterated. Books and furniture and pottery, whether new or old, all bore the same impress; and the prices showed, as compared with those realized at Kensington House, that, while a worse investment cannot be made than under the guidance of bad taste, few are better than those in which a little wealth is combined with delicate aesthetic perception.

A very slight examination of well-decorated and well-furnished houses, of which, in truth, we have but few among us, will serve to bring out one point. What is good in itself will, as a rule, harmonize sufficiently well with anything else that is good. A man who is endeavouring to furnish a room well need not fear incongruity, if it is not the incongruity of poor work grouped with what is superior. In the real life of artists, and in the real glimpses one gets of their studios on working days, when perhaps a model in rags is contrasted with a silken tapestry or a velvet chair, things are often very different. But a silken tapestry of perhaps Venetian fifteenth-century work does not group inharmoniously with a Louis-Seize commode, and an oak cabinet of the eighteenth century from Holland looks very well lighted by a window of Gothic glass. We are constantly tempted when we see such mixed furniture to remember that in matters of this kind above all are we the heirs of the ages. We may gather about us the best works of any period and country, and find that they rather enhance than injure each other's beauty. No books can instil the natural faculties which make up good taste. Some people, who might very well do their own decorative work, might design their own carpets and wall-papers and order their own furniture, delegate the task to others, as either too difficult or not worth the trouble; but when they go about and see other houses better and

sweeter than their own, and experience the disagreeable feeling of involuntary envy, they understand when it is too late that a man cannot by mere force of money obtain a "beautiful house." When we are told that the people of our day are mere plagiarists, we have to admit the charge; but we may observe that, whereas we copy the good things of all the long years which have elapsed since beautiful houses were first built and decorated, some of our predecessors simply imitated the good things they saw around them, and endeavoured to follow in the fashion, whatever it might happen to be at the time.

That very few old houses should remain which are now worth looking at is partly because in London very few ever were worth looking at, and of those the greater number were not well built. In this climate a building must be strong to stand the weather, and in London strong houses were till very lately the exception. Before the Great Fire most houses were built of wood, and probably many churches. The party walls only were of stone, and brick was rare. Some of these wooden houses must have been picturesque in the extreme. Two or three may be still seen along the Strand. They are not very ancient, it is true, but they belong to the time when "the true principles" of Greek or Gothic were unthought of, and every man followed what happened to be a good fashion. A house in Great Queen Street, said to have been built by Iigo Jones for Lord Herbert of Cherbury, is still in part standing, and has something fine about it yet. In a few cases, also, newly-fronted houses have old features within. Near Covent Garden is the supposed residence of Iigo himself, concealed behind modern plaster, but now containing only part of a staircase of his time. The lover of the real Queen Anne style, as distinguished from the mongrel Stuart which is too often called by the name, may find a few strongly built, plain, deep-corniced houses, which look as if Wren, or possibly Jones, had designed them. Some good examples are in the City, as in Great St. Helens and in Moorgate; others in places in the suburbs where we should never expect to find them, as, for example, in Kensington Square, the date of which is known to have been the reign of William III., at Hampstead, and about the back courts on Tower Hill. What it is that gives the charm of picturesqueness to a house or room seems, like the flavour of true poetry, to be incapable of definition. Some of the best educated, most ambitious, and in certain respects most successful of modern architects never manage to come near it. Others always reach it as if by instinct. A whole village of red-brick, red-tiled houses, purposely intended to look pretty, fails in many places, as may be seen in the neighbourhood of Chiswick; whilst a long plain unvaried front, such as Iigo Jones designed for the western side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, gives the eye new pleasure each time the simple flat pilasters and the well-recessed windows are seen. No doubt much of this beauty comes from proportion. One is sometimes tempted to doubt if any modern architect has studied proportion as it was studied two hundred years ago. No guesswork, however happy, can hope to excel the well-thought-out proportions of such buildings as the desecrated crypt of the Guildhall, or the interior of Crosby Hall, or one of Wren's or Barry's imitations of Italian architecture. Of course, the art in such cases is to conceal the art, and so it is often overlooked; but the imitator who does not know is easily found out. What we want in our London domestic life at the present day is some means of emancipation from the sameness of modern houses. The model for a palace in Belgravia is the same as for a villa in a so-called terrace in Notting Hill. Variety is costly, and the builders hate it. The occupier must find out how to make his house look pretty without any alteration of its common features. The problem is difficult, and its solution depends on certain qualities in a designer which are not to be bought. One man will make the common type of eight-roomed house look picturesque with little expenditure of money and no change of essential structure, while another will labour in vain, though he has a full purse and a palace to work on. We have only to walk through such an avenue as Kensington Palace Gardens. Here are houses built entirely without regard to cost, and there is not a beautiful, hardly a handsome, one among them; and at the foot of the hill is Thackeray's little brick villa, which he averred only cost him 10,000/-, and which one cannot look at without pleasure. But Thackeray's artistic powers are hardly yet appreciated at their full value.

THE THEATRES.

THERE seemed at first to be something of rashness in Mrs. Langtry's determination to follow up her appearances at the Haymarket by the assumption of such a part as Rosalind—a part which is, as it seems to us, of exceptional difficulty so far as the possibility of making what is called a hit in it is concerned, because it has no special or salient points which a player may choose to rely on by way of veiling or excusing any shortcoming in the general understanding and run of the character. That Mrs. Langtry selected such a part proved, at any rate, what indeed was already tolerably obvious, that she approached her art from a serious point of view, but it did not follow that the daring of the attempt would be justified by more than evident good intention. We may at once record our conviction that it has been justified by far more than this, and before speaking in detail of Rosalind, we may say something as to the other new character which the actress has adopted, that of Hester Grazebrook in the late Mr. Tom Taylor's play, *An Unequal Match*. Of the merits and faults of this piece we

had occasion to write at length when Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft produced it at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. It is of the stage stony, full of monstrous improbabilities, but not the less effective in its own way. The part of Hester has the advantage and disadvantage of testing somewhat severely the versatility of the actress who undertakes it. There is little to be done with the first act except to give an engaging picture of rustic simplicity; in the second, the simplicity has to be accentuated enough to give some colour to the extreme want of breeding and temper displayed by Sir Harry Arncliffe in his annoyance at his humbly-born wife's want of knowledge of the world; and in the scene with the impossible Mrs. Montressor strong emotion has to be displayed. In the third act Lady Arncliffe turns the tables upon her husband by learning only too well the lesson which he has tried to teach her, and answering him—it is surprising what good memories people in plays have—out of his own mouth when he asks for an explanation of her elaborate indifference. Mrs. Langtry has been blamed for not giving enough emphasis to Hester's rusticity in the early part of the play; and it may be that the contrast would be more effective from one point of view if the playing of the early scenes had been a little more rough, or, in other words, a good deal less artistic. The spectator has to persuade himself if he can that Sir Harry is a person of some taste and cultivation, and there certainly seems no reason for handicapping him more heavily than the author has done by representing Hester as a mere gawk. Mrs. Langtry was, it seemed to us, very near the right mark in her rendering of this part of the character, and it is to be hoped that she will not yield to the obvious temptation of over-emphasis. There is unluckily this much to be said, that an attempt at truthful acting is to some extent thrown away in a piece which is essentially untrue, but that is not perhaps a valid reason for abandoning the attempt. The second act is, as we have indicated, more of a trial to the actress's powers, and here we observed, what was also noticeable in Mrs. Langtry's performance in *Ours*, a certain failure, not in the ordinary sense of the word, in elocution—for not a syllable is slurred or missed—but in phrasing. The facial expression and gesture in the scene of recrimination with Mrs. Montressor could hardly be improved; but the actual effect of the speeches was marred by a tendency to give too much weight to each word. It seemed as if, instead of grasping each sentence as a whole, the actress's first thought had been that each word of the sentence should tell with the audience. This is a fault on the right side perhaps, but not the less a fault. Such a speech as "You want to take my husband from me" loses its legitimate force when it is cut up into four phrases, and when as much weight is given to "from" as to any other word in the sentence. Mrs. Langtry's capability of understanding and rendering emotion is so evident that it is greatly to be hoped that she will give as much attention to phrasing—which Talma justly regarded as the all-important part of the actor's art—as she has already bestowed on the science of gesture and facial expression. If we were to find a fault in the playing of the last act, we should say that the assumption of the new character was too easy. It was good comedy, but in this sense was underacted. The impression produced was that this was Hester's true character, and that the other character had been assumed. When faultfinding is done with, however, the general impression of Mrs. Langtry's appearance in this part is to confirm the high opinion of her gifts and capabilities which we were led to entertain by her previous performances. Among the other performers Miss Kate Hodson distinguished herself by decidedly clever acting as Bessie Hebblethwaite, and Mr. J. G. Taylor by the unforced humour of his Blenkinsop, which reminds us of the kindred valet in Mr. Charles Reade's *Christie Johnstone*, to whom his master said, "What I mean is, you must not be so overpoweringly gentleman-like as you are apt to be; no gentleman is so gentleman-like as all that; it could not be borne, *c'est suffoquant*." Mr. J. W. Pigott gave a capital sketch of Sir Sowerby Honeywood. Of Mr. J. G. Grahame's representation of Arncliffe, and of Mr. Shepherd's of Botcherby, there is nothing to be said but "non ragionam di lor."

From Hester Grazebrook to Rosalind is something of a far cry. Certain qualities of grace and gentleness were sure to be present in both parts, and the advantage of these qualities to start with in Rosalind it might be difficult to overrate. The evidence of gentle nurture is perhaps before all things desirable in this part; but that will not alone suffice to produce a satisfactory rendering. The assumption of the boy's disguise may, from mere inexperience of the stage, be perilous; and inexperience of this kind might go far to overweight a fine intelligence of the character. It is Mrs. Langtry's merit to have acquired the necessary stage experience without acquiring anything of the terrible staginess of the amateur who exaggerates stage tricks and takes them for the kernel of stage science; and to have applied her knowledge thus acquired to expressing a finely-thought-out conception of a character essentially poetical, in which the very fineness of the poetry is apt to be baffling. Rosalind's first scene is no bad test of an actress's power to deal with the part. There must be a distinct expression of the tripping up of her heart by Orlando; a generosity of nature which can despise convention; and the danger of exaggeration in this is so great that underacting might with some readiness be excused. In Mrs. Langtry's treatment of the speech here specially referred to—

He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies—

we detected no underacting, and, on the other hand, nothing of the want of balance in emphasis which we have noticed in one scene of Hester Grazebrook. The speech had its full measure of grace and meaning, and was given with a singular fineness of inflection and manner. In some ways the well-known subsequent speech beginning "Were it not better because that I am more than common tall" was less completely satisfactory, because it showed more of the appearance of being studied for effect. It is not difficult to imagine that there is a temptation to "take the stage" at the end of such a speech; and it may be that the trick of taking the stage is, in its origin, more natural than we are apt to suppose it. But if this be so, it is, as a general rule, one of the natural tendencies which it is the business of stage art to overcome, and it would be better for the fine insight with which Mrs. Langtry delivers this speech if what looks like a trick at its conclusion were done away with.

The first scene of the second act, as given by the company engaged at the Imperial Theatre, is remarkable for reviving that most detestable stage tradition which Miss Litton had the good sense to suppress, of assigning the speech of the First Lord to Jaques. No more stupid outrage than this has ever been accomplished upon the text of Shakespeare. "Every schoolboy knows"—every schoolboy, at least, who has anything of the intelligence for poetry descended on by Mr. Mowbray Morris in his preface to *Poets' Walk*—that, whatever deliberate fantasy of thought or speech Jaques might commit himself to, one of the last things he would endure would be the question—one of the last, let it be further noted, that the Duke would have dreamt of asking him—"Did you not moralize this spectacle?" and that the very last thing he would have done would have been to answer it by then and there rehearsing a set fantastic speech, supposed to have been lately delivered by himself, and filled with interjections of "quoth I." The further consideration that the alteration of the last line in the scene, "I'll bring you to him straight," to "I'll bring you to it straight," is horrible nonsense is perhaps needless in face of the atrocity which precedes and causes it. These things being so, it is perhaps of little consequence that Mr. J. G. Grahame, as Jaques, speaks the speech left from the First Lord neither trippingly on the tongue, nor with good accent and good discretion. For the rest, the scene, like most of the scenes in which neither Rosalind, nor Orlando, nor Audrey, nor Touchstone appears, is well mounted and ill played. Mr. J. G. Taylor's Touchstone is, however, a piece of acting which goes some way to make up for incompetence in other quarters; he is not far behind, if at all behind, Mr. Brough in sententious humour, and he is aware of the fact, disregarded by Mr. Brough, that Touchstone, though a privileged fool, was a Court fool. His scenes with Audrey, well played by Miss Kate Hodson, are, it need hardly be said, the more telling for his reticence of manner. Mr. F. Cooper's Orlando is somewhat disappointing. He has a gentle bearing, and that perhaps, as things go, should be accounted much in his favour; but, from the remembrance of other performances of his, we cannot but think that he might put a good deal more into the part than he actually has put into it. In the mock courtship of Ganymede, to which Mrs. Langtry gives the right touch of veiled emotion, it would perhaps be more fair to say that he is pleasing than that he is merely inoffensive; but he should surely be capable of giving to it some touch of the poetry and chivalry which made Mr. Kyrie Bellew's performance of the same part excellent. So far as Rosalind is concerned in this scene and in others which precede and follow it, there was much to admire in Mrs. Langtry's acting, and notably the keeping up of that gentleness which she seems to us to have rightly made the keynote of the character under the brave assumption of a boyish gaiety. As an instance of this we may specially refer to the exit speech in the second scene of the third act, and as an instance of the skilful contrast between this and the exhibition of Rosalind's true heart and character to the dialogue with Celia in the first scene of the fourth act, which was charged with grace and tenderness. The "counterfeiting" in the next act was perhaps less satisfactory; but here the actress was handicapped by the amazing indifference with which the actor entrusted with "the bloody napkin" delivered himself of his ill tidings. One touch, however, of Rosalind's unconcealable grief in the last sentence went a long way to make up for what came tardy off in previous passages. For the speaking of the epilogue we have nothing but praise. To sum up, Mrs. Langtry's recent performances confirm the impression that she has both disposition and care for the art to which she has taken. She has shown that she can improve her natural talents, and no doubt she can as easily rid herself of her faults. What is to be hoped is that the experience of American audiences may not lead her either into over-accents or into carelessness.

REVIEWS.

GILES'S HISTORIC CHINA.*

THE title "Historic China" opens to the imagination such a long vista of mythical records and of scarcely less fabulous legends that we are grateful to Mr. Giles for carrying us no

* *Historic China; and Other Sketches*. By Herbert A. Giles, of H.B.M.'s Consular Service. London: De La Rue & Co. 1882.

further back than the twelfth century before Christ. Up to that time Chinese history consists of references, more or less distinct, to aboriginal rulers of native States, and to lines of Chinese sovereigns exercising dominion in districts over which they had gained authority. But with the rise of the Chow dynasty in the twelfth century we have the beginning of the history of the main body of the Chinese, who had then spread no further south than the northern portion of the modern province of Honan. Into the minute history of this or of any other period Mr. Giles does not enter. His work professes to be made up only of sketches, and these he handles in so light and easy a way that the result is as agreeable to the reader as their treatment was evidently congenial to the author. Just as we recognize without grave fault-finding that in hasty sketches from nature lines are occasionally introduced which find no counterpart in the original, so it is perhaps unreasonable to notice the wanderings from strict accuracy contained in essays such as those before us. They have all the appearance of having been dashed off hastily with an eye to effect, and with no excessive care for thoroughness or consistency. Students of Chinese history will, for instance, be surprised to read (p. 7) that "the Chow period was pre-eminently one of ceremonial observances, pushed to an extreme limit," and to be told that "even Confucius was unable to rise above the dead level of an ultra-formal etiquette." These passages will at once remind readers acquainted with the writings of the philosophers of the Chow dynasty—Confucius and Mencius—that the whole burden of the cry of these men was that since the days of King Wān, the founder of the dynasty, etiquette had ceased to exist, and that ceremonies had been cast to the winds; and it will equally be remembered that without ceasing they admonished the people to return to the rites and ceremonies current, not during the Chow period, when, in fact, there were none, but during the earlier ages. So far also from Confucius being "unable to rise above the dead level of an ultra-formal etiquette," he was first and before all things the apostle of etiquette. "With him," Mr. Giles says curiously enough, at p. 15, "decorum was a virtue; but it was the decorum of external ceremonies only, and its essence consisted in a due performance of bows and scrapes." This, however, is as unfair to the sage as the former extract is by implication complimentary; the fact being that during nearly the whole of the Chow period the country was in so disturbed a state that all the gentler arts and the amenities of life disappeared, and the aim and object for which Confucius laboured was to restore these to their legitimate position.

The main characteristics of the people at this date are described in a lively and clever way, and the insertion of native names—those stumbling-blocks in the way of English readers of books on China—is as far as possible avoided. Mr. Giles is an admirable essayist. He writes briskly, and there is just enough combative ness displayed in his pages to give a decided character to his writings. His subject, however, not being one of common knowledge, is worthy of a more thorough treatment than he has chosen to bestow upon it. Much that is misleading in it is due, we should imagine, to carelessness. We can hardly suppose that, if Mr. Giles had thought for a moment, he would have left his readers under the impression that the origin of family names dated no further back than the time of the Chow dynasty, or that the division of the people into family communities had its origin in the same period. A passage also, at p. 42, would lead one to suppose that the custom of burying living people with the dead was finally abolished during the Han dynasty (B.C. 203—A.D. 23), whereas, unfortunately, we know that the barbarous practice survived as lately as the Ming dynasty (1368–1644); and it is even said that Shun-che, the first sovereign of the present Manchoo dynasty, ordered thirty persons to share the tomb of his Empress.

Mr. Giles's sketches abound with stories displaying the salient points of the Chinese character, one of the most noticeable of which is their extreme reverence for honest conduct. If we were to apply to the Chinese the common saying that people always admire most in others those qualities in which they themselves are deficient, we should be obliged to assume that honesty is a rare plant in "the flowery land." The following story illustrates our meaning, and while it reflects credit on the hero Yang for having refused a bribe, it is at the same time surprising that the memory of his successful resistance of temptation should so long have survived:—

An officer of Government in a high position [says Mr. Giles of this man] with every means of obtaining wealth at his command, he lived and died in comparative poverty, his only object of ambition being the reputation of a "spotless official." The Yangs of his day grumbled sorely at opportunities thus thrown away; but the Yangs of to-day glory in the fame of their great ancestor, and are proud to worship in the ancestral hall to which his uprightness has bequeathed a name. For once, when pressed to receive a bribe, with the additional inducement that no one would know of the transaction, he quietly replied, "How so? Heaven would know; earth would know; you would know; and I should know." And to this hour the ancestral shrine of the clan of the Yangs bears as its name "The Hall of the Four Knows."

We should be sorry to believe that this was the only Yang who ever refused a bribe; but the circumstances suggest the suspicion that, like the blossoms of the aloe which blooms once in a hundred years, an honest Yang is a rare and notable appearance.

One of the most amusing chapters in Mr. Giles's volume is one containing a translation of a native satire on the greed and rapacity of tradesmen and police runners. The title of the story, which is reprinted from the *China Review*, is "A Visit to the Country of Gentlemen," and purports to be the account of a traveller who, after a voyage, found himself landed on the shores of

the country of gentlemen. Over the gateway of the capital were inscribed the words "Virtue is man's only jewel," and on proceeding to the market-place he encountered a police runner standing at a stall engaged in making purchases:—

He was holding in his hand the articles he wished to buy, and was saying to the owner of the stall, "Just reflect, sir, how impossible it would be for me to take these excellent goods at the absurdly low price you are asking. If you will oblige me by doubling the amount, I shall do myself the honour of accepting them; otherwise I cannot but feel that you are unwilling to do business with me to-day." . . . The man at the stall here replied, "Your wish, sir, should be law to me, I know; but the fact is, I am already overwhelmed with shame at the high price I have ventured to name. Besides, I do not profess to adhere rigidly to 'marked prices,' which is a mere trick of the trade; and consequently it should be the aim of every purchaser to make me lower my terms to the very smallest figure. You, on the contrary, are trying to raise the price to an extraordinary figure; and although I fully appreciate your kindness in that respect, I must really ask you to seek what you require at some other establishment. It is quite impossible for me to execute your commands."

After a lengthy wrangle continued in this strain, the purchaser put down the sum demanded, but took only half the amount of goods. This gave rise to another dispute, which was settled only when two old gentlemen who happened to be passing decided that the runner was to pay the full price, but to receive only four-fifths of the goods. The further experiences of the traveller among these self-sacrificing and yielding people are amusing in themselves, and are well told by Mr. Giles.

Of the historical sketches, those of the last and present dynasties are the best. More is known of them than of preceding periods; and the relations between Europe and China, which began under the Ming sovereigns, give to them a living and personal interest. Were we disposed to be critical, we should be inclined to question the pre-eminence which Mr. Giles gives to Lan Lu-chow as "literary representative of the present dynasty." It is true that his judicial sketches are well written; but in no way is he the equal, either in his matter or his manner, of such men as Tseen Ta-hin, Ch'in Jin-seih, Chaou Yih, and others. But judicial matters evidently have an attraction for Mr. Giles, and he appears to have a pleasure in persuading himself that few of those horrors which unfortunately disgrace the administration of justice in China exist, except in the imagination of the editors of the *Peking Gazette* and the compilers of the Penal Code. "While we live," says a Chinese proverb, "let us keep out of the courts; when dead, out of hell." But Mr. Giles thinks this fear is exaggerated, and that, in fact, "there is a great deal more lenity in the penal code than most people are aware of." He is evidently still educating himself in this doctrine, for though in his present volume, when speaking of the frightful punishment of *Ling che*, or "slow and lingering" death, he says "all evidence tends to prove that, though many are condemned, no one is ever subjected to this truly barbarous process, the very exceptions which might possibly be discovered forming of course part of the proof"; he described, a few years since, in his *Chinese Sketches*, the process as he states it to exist at the present day, at the same time that he protested, though not so vehemently, against the view which is universally taken of the punishment. "Now," he then wrote, "a slight gash only is made across each collar-bone, and three gashes across the breast in the shape of the character meaning a thousand, and indicative of the number of strokes the criminal ought properly to have received." His mental attitude towards this punishment appears to be something in this wise. The penal code prescribes this mode of execution for certain high crimes, and the *Peking Gazette* makes mention from time to time of its having been carried out in particular cases; but still it does not exist, and the fact that it does exist is proof that it does not exist. But, after all, it is always inflicted in a mitigated form—that is to say, the criminal is gashed across each collar-bone, and receives three gashes across the breast before the *coup de grâce* is given; at the same time, it "is practised, like many other Chinese institutions, only on paper."

But this is not the only subject on which Mr. Giles shows a curious desire to battle with facts. The disposition is unfortunate; for, with his transparent honesty of purpose, it leads him into innumerable inconsistencies, which will probably cause careless readers of *Historic China* to carry away strangely divergent notions on many of the topics discussed in its pages. The colour of the chameleon would not be a more difficult point to settle than the real facts on which Mr. Giles sometimes bases his opinions. But to those readers who, being forewarned, are forearmed, and who are prepared to draw their own conclusions from the varying aspects given them of different questions, we can recommend the book as being both interesting and amusing.

LESLIE STEPHEN ON SWIFT.*

IN judging this volume of the series of *English Men of Letters* some allowance must be made for the fact that it has been handed over from one author to another. From the beginning of the series till very recently the editor had himself undertaken it, and the substitution of Mr. Stephen's name for Mr. Morley's took place but a short time before the appearance of the book. It is unnecessary to compare the respective competence of two eminent critics for the task. But it may perhaps be said that Mr. Leslie

Stephen is not exactly the writer whom a lover of Swift would choose for the purpose. His acquaintance with the period is indeed unquestionable, and his general faculty of literary appreciation is of a high order. But it is not so unquestionable whether Mr. Stephen is highly qualified to appreciate humour, especially humour of so exceptional a kind as Swift's. Accordingly, we find some things here which will cause true humorists and true Swiftians to open their eyes rather widely. That the practitioner is not quite at home in the case with which he is dealing is shown by many little indications and some large ones. No one would rank the *Polite Conversations* with the *Tale of a Tub* or *Gulliver* as proofs of their author's intellectual greatness; but they are of a hardly less exquisite flavour to the literary palate. From Mr. Stephen's comments on them (which are very few and very brief, amounting in all to perhaps half a page) we can only infer that, in common phrase, he does not know what to make of them. They are "singular performances," "curiously illustrative of Swift's habits of thought and composition"; they are "a marvellous collection of the set of cast phrases which at best have supplied the absence of thought in society"; "the talk is nonsensical [which, by the way, it very rarely is], and yet [this is about the only sentence of positive praise that Mr. Stephen can spare it] it flows on with such vivacity that it is perversely amusing." Certainly no one could guess from these frigid remarks the wonderful skill with which Swift has outlined his various characters, the wealth of social satire, the way in which, under a merely "modish" guise, perennial distinctions of temper and manners are indicated, the positive personal interest in the speakers which this book excites. For ourselves, we have always liked to think that Miss Notable (who is charming) is a kind of reminiscence of Stella's youth; there is certainly some resemblance between her vivaciousness and the extant *bons mots de Stella*. But this is perhaps visionary.

We have no space to quote Mr. Stephen's comments on Swift's famous diversions of writing English in Latin forms, Latin in English forms, and the like; but they are animated by the same half-innocent wonder that so great a man should occupy himself with such trifles which appears in the above comments on the *Conversations*. The Bickerstaff and Partridge joke "does not strike" Mr. Leslie Stephen "as having a very exquisite flavour." "One might be tempted to say, were it not for the conclusive evidence to the contrary, that this love of the most mechanical variety of facetiousness [punning] implied an absence of any true sense of humour." These and many other things indicate a defect in Mr. Stephen, which does not here appear for the first time, and which is fatal to a thorough appreciation of such a temperament and such a performance as Swift's. Mr. Stephen cannot taste intellectual cakes and ale; he thinks Saturday night and high jinks childish. The quick alternation of laughter and tears, the change from savage invective to humorous trifling, vexes him and throws him out. He once, if we remember rightly, frankly confessed that the indecency of the so-called Restoration comedy prevented his enjoying its wit. He now seems to confess almost as frankly that Swift's motley, if it does not prevent, at any rate injures, his enjoyment of Swift's humour. Fortunately Swift did not always write in a tongue not understood of his critic, and Mr. Leslie Stephen has done full justice to the graver and more dignified utterances of his peculiar satire. To the *Tale of a Tub* and to *Gulliver*, the *Argument against Abolishing Christianity* and the *Modest Proposal*, he does ample justice. We are not so sure that he is quite just to the *Drapier's Letters* and to some others of Swift's purely political pieces. Of the facts of the Drapier business he gives indeed a much better account than has sometimes been given, and puts his finger at once on the real blot—the exorbitant profit allotted to private persons in a public transaction. But to upbraid the Irish people and Swift for not seeing that coins are only counters, and that their intrinsic values do not matter, is hardly fair. The Irish might have retorted that in that case the "raps" and tokens which were in actual circulation might as well remain so. Nor is it a fair criticism on the literary merits of the letters (which indeed Mr. Stephen admits) to say that "anybody can be effective in a way if he chooses to lie boldly." There have been many political writers since Swift who have chosen to lie boldly; but we must be very ignorant of political literature past and present if they have often been as effective as "M. B. Drapier," which, by the way, appears here oddly as "M. B. Despair." As a further comment on Mr. Stephen's treatment of Swift's contributions to the Irish question, we may hint that the critic takes his author, as is indeed his wont, a little too seriously. When he talks about Swift's "fierce indignation against English oppression," and attributes the *Modest Proposal* (which he justly calls "one of the most tremendous pieces of satire in existence") to "burning passion," he forgets that his author was pre-eminently a humorist, and that there is little or no trace of this indignation at English oppression till the oppressors were the party that had driven Swift's friends from office. There was the *sæva indignatio* certainly, as there always was, but it was not an indignation which can safely be called as a witness by modern Irish patriots. Indeed a general corrective has to be applied to Mr. Stephen's estimate of Swift's earnestness. He was from first to last a misanthropic pessimist, and his misanthropic pessimism was always perfectly genuine. He was from first to last a political gladiator who fought not for pay, but partly for love and partly for conviction, and his political animus was always genuine likewise. But the immediate occasions of the exercise of his genius were for the most part accidental, and we no more believe that he

* *English Men of Letters—Swift.* By Leslie Stephen. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

seriously considered English government of Ireland as *per se* oppressive than we believe that he really thought the ancients superior to the moderns. In saying this, we are bringing no charge of insincerity against him, but merely deprecating the ascription of an excessive sincerity. Swift was sincere enough in all conscience, and always true to his friends, to himself, and to his misanthropic creed, but he was not an eighteenth-century Davitt or Dillon.

So far we have had to deal with Mr. Stephen somewhat controversially in a matter which is nothing if not controversial—that of literary criticism. As a biographic sketch the book deserves hardly anything but praise. It was not an easy thing to do, because of the masses of debate, often very irrelevant, which have gathered round the events of Swift's life, and because of the additional inconvenience that a complete biography is known to be in preparation, but has not yet appeared. But Mr. Stephen seems to us to have met the difficulty very well indeed. His knowledge of the period and its personages, his strong common sense, and his natural predilection for studying the ethical side of action come in very well here. He is neither pruriently busy with nor prudishly neglectful of the singular and painful questions which are connected with some of Swift's peculiarities in his conduct and in his writings. We attach rather more weight than he does to the story of the marriage, but that is so entirely a matter for speculative estimation of the value of evidence that difference on it hardly matters. He is very fair indeed to Swift, who has not always met with fair treatment even from those who should have appreciated him best. Nothing is further from Mr. Stephen's mind than the famous suggestion that "we should hoot" Swift, though he hardly comes short of the estimate of Swift's intellectual and literary power with which that suggestion is whimsically joined. As the disputed sayings and doings are recorded one by one, Mr. Leslie Stephen's cool-headed charity comes very gratefully after the unfairness of Johnson and the exaggeration with which Thackeray sought to balance his own evident and intense admiration of the humorist by denunciations of the conduct of the man. Mr. Stephen warns his readers that as we know next to nothing of the facts of Swift's early relations with his uncle, it is impossible to decide whether he really was ungrateful. He argues in a manner which seems to us entirely convincing against the charge of scepticism in religion brought against Swift on the strength of the *Tale of a Tub*, though we should go further than he does on this point. His argument against the ridiculous blindness of political partisanship which has led Macaulay and other critics to describe Swift as a political renegade is completer still. "He separated from the Whig party," says Mr. Stephen with absolute truth, "when at the height of their power, and separated because he thought them opposed to the Church principles which he advocated from first to last." He justly describes the latter politics of Swift as being chiefly a violent protest against the jobbery and indifference to national interests of the "Whig ring." Into the endless controversies and conjectures of the Stella and Vanessa matters we shall not follow Mr. Stephen. There are some people (we shall candidly rank ourselves among them, and it seems that we may claim Mr. Stephen as on our side) to whom the *Journal* is constantly interesting, without its leading them to disturb themselves as to whether there was or was not a marriage, and to whom *Cadenus and Vanessa* would not be more attractive or less if they knew that Swift really did take the last fatal ride to Celbridge. For those who must plunge into these mazes of gossip and hearsay, Mr. Stephen is the soberest and most intelligent of guides. That he can sympathize as well as describe, this brief passage on the best known event of Swift's life will show:—

Swift returned to Ireland to find Stella still living. It is said that in the last period of her life Swift offered to make the marriage public, and that she declined, saying that it was now too late. She lingered till January 28, 1728. He sat down the same night to write a few scattered reminiscences. He breaks down; and writes again during the funeral, which he is too ill to attend. The fragmentary notes give us the most authentic account of Stella, and show, at least, what she appeared in the eyes of her lifelong friend and protector. We may believe that she was intelligent and charming; as we can be certain that Swift loved her in every sense but one. A lock of her hair was preserved in an envelope on which he had written one of those vivid phrases by which he still lives in our memory: "Only a woman's hair." What does it mean? Our interpretation will depend partly upon what we can see ourselves in a lock of hair. But I think that any one who judges Swift fairly will read in those four words the most intense utterance of tender affection, and of pathetic yearning for the irre-Callable past, strangely blended with a bitterness springing not from remorse, but indignation at the cruel tragic-comedy of life. The destinies laugh at us whilst they torture us; they make cruel scourges of trifles, and extract the bitterest passion from our best affections.

Another excellent passage is that dealing with the painful but necessary subject of Swift's hideous excesses of language:—

His indulgence in revolting images is to some extent an indication of a diseased condition of his mind, perhaps of actual mental decay. Delany says that it grew upon him in his later years, and, very gratuitously, attributes it to Pope's influence. The peculiarity is the more remarkable, because Swift was a man of the most scrupulous personal cleanliness. He was always enforcing this virtue with special emphasis. He was rigorously observant of decency in ordinary conversation. Delany once saw him "fall into a furious resentment" with Stella for "a very small failure of delicacy." So far from being habitually coarse, he pushed fastidiousness to the verge of prudery. It is one of the superficial paradoxes of Swift's character that this very shrinking from filth became perverted into an apparently opposite tendency. In truth, his intense repugnance to certain images led him to use them as the only adequate expression of his savage contempt. Instances might be given in some early satires, and in the

attack upon dissenters in the *Tale of a Tub*. His intensity of loathing leads him to besmirch his antagonists with filth. He becomes disgusting in the effort to express his disgust. As his misanthropy deepened, he applied the same method to mankind at large. He tears aside the veil of decency to show the bestial elements of human nature; and his characteristic irony makes him preserve an apparent calmness during the revolting exhibition. His state of mind is strictly analogous to that of some religious ascetics, who stimulate their contempt for the flesh by fixing their gaze upon decaying bodies. They seek to check the love of beauty by showing us beauty in the grave. The cynic in Mr. Tennyson's poem tells us that every face, however full—

Padded round with flesh and blood,
Is but moulded on a skull.

Swift—a practised self-tormentor, though not in the ordinary ascetic sense—mortifies any disposition to admire his fellows by dwelling upon the physical necessities which seem to lower and degrade human pride. Beauty is but skin-deep; beneath it is a vile carcass. He always sees the "flayed woman" of the *Tale of a Tub*. The thought is hideous, hateful, horrible, and therefore it fascinates him. He loves to dwell upon the hateful, because it justifies his hate. He nurses his misanthropy, as he might tear his flesh to keep his mortality before his eyes.

This is both accurate and admirably expressed. As has been said at the beginning of this article, Mr. Stephen's appreciation of Swift does not seem wholly adequate; but, as far as it goes, he has in this book depicted very well indeed the personal and literary traits of one whom some critics do not hesitate to rank as the greatest prose writer of the severer kind in the English language.

SALA'S AMERICA REVISITED.*

M R. SALA has exercised his pen in many forms of literature; he has written three-volume novels and short stories; he has made sketches of London during every hour of the four-and-twenty; he has written leading articles by the thousand; he is a dramatic critic, if not a dramatic author; he discusses topics of the day pleasantly and humorously in a weekly paper. If his whole works were collected, he would probably prove the most voluminous of modern writers; but, above all, he loves to write of the adventure, the changes and chances, which befall the roving correspondent. The war correspondent of the present day should have special military knowledge; he must be possessed of immense physical activity; and must give his whole and undivided attention to the work and business in the hands of the general and his staff. This is not the kind of work which Mr. Sala likes; he prefers going where he pleases, examining what he finds interesting, and gossiping about what he thinks will most interest his readers. Some eighteen years ago, for instance, he went out to America as a "special" correspondent, with full liberty to go where he pleased; the result was a series of papers which were not certainly those of a scientific military critic; they were not even the letters of a sympathizer with the dominant party, for Mr. Sala's sympathies were with the South, and he does not seem even to have comprehended the determination of the North that the United States should not be torn asunder. As for the political situation, the causes which led to the attempted separation, the actual right and wrong of the struggle, the chances and changes of the war, the strategic features of the campaign—these things did not belong to a correspondent who was a roving onlooker. In place of these he talked of the characters he observed, the ways of the people, and the stories which he heard. These were truly wonderful; some of them have taken, so to speak, a permanent place in the literature of funny stories—which is not exactly the same thing as the literature of popular stories—so that immortality of a kind may be expected by him who collected them. In these letters, indeed, there is plenty of material to make the fortune of a novelist who shall hereafter attempt to reproduce American society and the way in which people talked, jested, danced, dressed, and went forth to fight during the war of 1861-1865. It is a story too new to be told, and yet already so old that the veterans of Gettysburg are said to complain of a general disposition on the part of their friends to get up and go away when they begin to relate their war experiences.

In those years Mr. Sala ardently desired to visit the South, where, he confesses, his heart was then and is still. But he could not, for many reasons. He was a special correspondent, and he was expected to furnish two long letters a week; this prevented him from running the blockade; and, though he might have gone by sea to New Orleans, where the Federal flag was floating, General Butler was then in command, and Mr. Sala had written sundry paragraphs about him with which he could not reasonably be expected to be pleased. Therefore the South had to be given up, and it was not until the New Year of 1880 that the desire to visit the "Palms and Temples of the South" could be gratified. These volumes are the result of that visit. As compared with the earlier work, we may say at the outset that in one point they fall far short. The stories are sadly few compared with those picked up in the rear of the armies. The quality is, indeed, good enough, but the quantity shows a deplorable falling off in American humour. This deterioration has been, indeed, painfully manifest of late, especially in those publications which exist chiefly upon cuttings from American journals. It may be that returning prosperity has made all the people, including the wearers of cap and bells, begin to think seriously about the collection of dollars; it may be that in times of trouble such as

* *America Revisited*. By George Augustus Sala. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1882.

the time of the Civil War, when there were really some wonderfully humorous things attempted and done, or the time of the late depression in trade, the general anxiety creates a demand for diversion of thought by jesting and humorous writing. However this may be, Mr. Sala has picked up few good stories. As for the style of the work, it is exactly what we should have expected. We have known Mr. Sala so long that it would be unreasonable to expect that he should change his style. The ubiquitous character of his comparisons, in which St. Petersburg, Madrid, Malta, Guernsey, Marseilles, Quebec, Portsmouth, and Vienna, all are made to furnish illustrations for a description, say of New Orleans, quite belongs to his well-known manner, while we never remember any time in Mr. Sala's literary career in which there was not here and there a plaintive allusion to lost youth, and a classical reference or two to the consulate of Plancus. These things we accept without a murmur, because the writer is so full of life, observation, and swiftness to seize upon salient and characteristic points.

The route followed by Mr. Sala on this occasion was from New York to Baltimore, Richmond, Augusta, Atlanta, New Orleans, Chicago, Omaha, San Francisco, and the Salt Lake City. The description of what he saw and the reminiscences of things seen on previous voyages, which perhaps take up the larger part of the work, fill between them two bulky volumes, which are, however, crammed with pictures which illustrate, not so much the text as America and Americans. The drawings are very good, but one certainly prefers to have pictures drawn for the text of one book and no other. It appears that many of them have already done duty in various American publications. Could not all these have been placed at the end, so as to form a kind of appendix? Some, again, illustrate things which require no illustration. Surely it is unnecessary to have a picture called "Morning Ablutions in a Pullman's Car," or "Dining in a Pullman's Car," or "Smoking in a Railway Carriage," or "Ablutions in the Cabin of a Steamer." And the drawings which represent the slaughtering and skinning of cattle are decidedly most unpleasant to look at as well as to read about. Yet Mr. Sala has one observation to make upon this pig-sticking on a gigantic scale which has a certain novelty and freshness. Every one has observed the great range of facial expression possessed by the pig; some limners have been able to transfer to paper many emotions not usually looked for in the face of a pig; but we believe that no one except Mr. Sala has seized the opportunity of being in a Chicago slaughter-house to observe the fact upon a large scale and to record it:—

That which perhaps made me feel more nervous and uncomfortable was the astonishing and ghastly variety of expression in the countenances of the slaughtered pigs. Utter amazement, mild remonstrance, indignant ex-postulation, profound dejection, dogged stolidity, contemptuous indifference, placid tranquillity, abject terror, and imbecile hilarity, were pictured in their upturned snouts and half-closed eyes.

Mr. Sala's imagination was profoundly affected by his visit to New Orleans. The very approach to the place is weird and strange; its railway passes for miles by the side of stagnant creeks and great pools of purple-brown water, fringed by fantastic jungle. After the pools come the forests of the swamp, with pine and cypress covered with a kind of moss which clothes them in mantles of "unwholesome richness," hangs in festoons, droops or forms itself into jagged projections:—

No painter, I take it, could imagine the effect produced against the pale silvery sun-rising sky by these dark trees tortured into a thousand phantasmagoric forms by this libertine lichen. Trees that are dragonish; trees that are like bears and lions; trees like great vultures with outspread wings; trees like the Three Witches in *Macbeth* grown to colossal stature, and commanded to stand there, in the midst of the Louisiana wilderness, with their skinny arms outspread, and their mossy rags fluttering in the chill morning air, to breathe strange curses and prophesy horrible things, for ever. I confess that I did not feel comfortable as the train rattled through these funeral groves, the moss clinging to trunk and branch or flaunting in a listless drooping way, like the ostrich plumes on a hearse which has been caught in a storm of rain. The cypress, the pine, and the moss combined induced a wretched depression of spirits, which the prevailing and clammy moisture did not tend to alleviate.

The Crescent City Mr. Sala found, to his great joy, was nothing less than a piece of old France, eighteenth-century France. "In the twinkling of an eye Young America disappeared; and above the Stars and Stripes, the 'glorious gridiron' of Orator Pop, loomed in my mind's eye a dim mirage of a white flag powdered with golden lilies." There is, for instance, a delightful *pharmacie* here, in which you may see any day an old gentleman reading the *Abbe de la Nouvelle Orléans*; there is nothing advertised, but in the dim recesses are to be seen shelves with tall, old white gallipots, and about the place a gentle soporific odour of aromatic drugs, a perfume of henna and haschish, frankincense and myrrh, with the slightest suspicion of rhubarb. Then there is a real *épicier* (not a man who runs a store) who deals in *denrées coloniales*; there are *modistes* and *couturières*; there are veritable *cafés*, where the customers drink *orgeat* and *sirop de groseille*; there are *cabins de lecture* and even *livres d'image*, in which you can renew your acquaintance with the *Petit Chaperon Rouge*, the *Chat Botté*, and the *Belle au Bois Dormant*. You can even see that relic of old French manners—the *martinet*, or leather cat-o'-nine-tails, hanging up in *terrorem* behind the doors. There are shops for votive offerings, and the negroes talk a "jumbo" French. Mr. Sala also attended the Louisiana House of Representatives, which was holding its meetings in what had been the dining hall of what was once the St. Louis Hotel:—

I was aroused from my reverie by the voice of a gentleman who was addressing the House. It was somewhat of a variable and capricious

voice—at one time hoarse and rasping, at another shrilly treble, and the orator ended his periods now with a sound resembling a chuckle, and now with one as closely akin to a grunt. So far—being rather hard of hearing—as I could make out, the Honourable Legislator was remarking "dat de gen'lm'n de la Parish of St. Quelquechose was developing assertions and expurgating ratioscinations clean agin de fass principles of law and equity. What was law and equity? Was dey verities or was dey frauds? Kin' yo go behind the records of law and equity? Kin' de gen'lm'n from St. Quelquechose lay his hand on his heart and the Constitooshun of de Yurnited States and say dat dese votes had been counted out rightfully? An' if dese votes had not been counted out rightfully, where, he asked the gen'lm'n from St. Quelquechose, where de fass principles of law and equity? Where was dey? From de lumberlands of Maine to de mose-clad banks of de Chefuntee Ecker answered dat de hull ting was contrary to de standing order of dis House." Upon which the orator sat down.

Of course Mr. Sala has a word or two to say about the future of the coloured people. One thing seems certain, that there will be henceforth few more accessions to their ranks. For a coloured man to marry a white woman is, indeed, simply impossible. Two such "miscegenators" were hanged by the mob in Virginia only a month before Mr. Sala's visit.

At Chicago Mr. Sala discovered three wonders. The Grand Pacific Hotel is the first, the newspaper press is the second, the third is the city itself. Perhaps the third wonder should be stated first. At Omaha he saw an Indian camp; and at San Francisco he saw, among other things, the Chinese Quarter, the description of which may be strongly recommended.

We should like, before dismissing this entertaining and lively book, to append one more quotation, because we have expressed some disappointment at the fewness of Mr. Sala's new stories. On the Pacific Railway he met a Rhode Island man, who spoke words to this effect:—

"There ain't no bottling up of things about me. This overland journey's a fraud, nothing but a fraud, sir, and you oughter know it. Don't tell me. It's a fraud. This Ring must be busted up. Where are your buffaloes? Perhaps you'll tell me that them cows are buffaloes. They ain't. Where are your prairie dogs? They ain't dogs, to begin with; they're squirrels. Ain't you ashamed to call the mean little cusses dogs? But where are they? There ain't none. Where are your grizzlies? You might have imported a few grizzlies to keep up the name of your railroad. Where are your herds of antelopes scudding before the advancing train? Nary an antelope have you got fur to scud. Rocky Mountains, sir! they ain't rocky at all. They're as flat as my hand. Where are your savage gorges? I can't see none. Where are your wild Injuns? Do you call them loading tramps in dirty blankets Injuns? My belief is that they're greasers looking out for an engagement as song and dance men. They're 'beats' sir, 'dead beats'; they're 'pudcocks,' and you oughter be told so." I didn't know it; nor could I discern why I ought to be told so. But there was no pacifying the implacable man. Sometimes he would confront me with an open guide book, and, pointing sternly to a page, would say, "Where are your coyotes, sir? I'll trouble you for a pack of wolves as makes the night hideous with their howling. Did anything howl last night, sir, except the wind? Where are your pumas and your cougars? Show 'em to me. There's nothing in it. It's as easy as going from Jersey City to Philadelphia, and the whole thing's a fraud."

RECOLLECTIONS OF MILITARY SERVICE AND SOCIETY.*

FORTY years back Cornet Balcarres Dalrymple Wardlaw Ramsay was told by *Punch* that he was only a "young cornet with four unpronounceable names," that there were "plenty of this class to be seen walking up and down Regent Street between the hours of 4 and 7 P.M.," and that therefore there did not appear to be sufficient reason why his portrait should figure at the Academy as it was then doing. The rebuke was so keenly felt by our author that though the Cornet, now become the Colonel, has, "above all things, diligently studied *Punch* weekly ever since," he certainly would not have ventured to rush into print, as he did into paint, but that he "relies upon the incontrovertible fact that biographies and cookery books always command a ready sale." For ourselves we began by asking, with the author, "What has this Colonel done? What has the public done that these memoirs should be thrust upon it?" To the first of these queries the book does not give a very satisfactory reply; that is to say, the Colonel does not appear to have done deeds more remarkable than are done by plenty of his class to be seen walking up and down Regent Street, or surveying the world from club windows in Pall Mall. But, on the other hand, there are many eminent and wonderful people who would have been sorely puzzled to produce memoirs as entertaining as those of Colonel Ramsay. The volumes are charged with anecdotes, some of them truly delicious; and the author, though discursive after the manner of Serjeant Ballantyne, has a greater respect for dates and sequences, and does not career wildly about the century. It is a pity he should have thought it necessary to introduce us to *all* "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts." He is evidently, and we are sure deservedly, esteemed by a very wide circle of distant relatives; but that is no reason why the reader, who may be of modest parentage, or may not move in the grander spheres, should be bored with an author's fine connexions and titled acquaintances, who, moreover, do not contribute much to the interest of the book.

Colonel Ramsay hails from a county with a name which it would puzzle a Frenchman to pronounce, of whose whereabouts it would puzzle a good many English people to speak with precision, and of the existence of which "His Most Gracious Majesty King William IV. was certainly unaware or most oblivious; for, when my eldest brother was presented at a levée as the Deputy-

* *Rough Recollections of Military Service and Society*. By Lieutenant-Colonel Balcarres D. Wardlaw Ramsay. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

Lieutenant of Clackmannanshire, the King said, 'Clack what, sir? Clack the d—l! No jokes here; pass on, sir.' Authors, like other people, delight to dwell on their 'earliest recollections':—

My earliest recollection is a visit of my mother's uncle, the Hon. Charles Lindsay, the venerable Bishop of Kildare, which created great consternation in the mind of our worthy Presbyterian minister, who of course abhorred Prelacy. He mentioned in the parish that the Deil was in the 'big house'. . . . After service at the kirk was concluded, my mother waited for the minister to present him to the Bishop; but the good man gathered his garments around him to prevent them touching the evil thing, and fled into the manse.

The author is unable to relate from personal recollection anything about the visit to Scotland in 1822 of King George IV., being only then a few weeks old; but he vouches for the truth of the following (not a new story, by the way, for we have long ago heard it in more shapes than one), told him by a lady who was with the King at the time:—

His Majesty, it will be remembered, appeared in full Highland costume and begged the ladies to tell him how he looked. They all assured him nothing could be better. At that moment appeared the portly alderman Sir William Curtis—also in full Highland costume—a most ridiculous figure. The King bit his lip, and said, 'I hope I do not look like that; at all events, that my kilt is not so short.' The lady above referred to made the King a low curtsey, and said, 'As your Majesty stays so short a time in Scotland, the more we see of you the better!'

The youthful Ramsay first went to an academy in Edinburgh, where he got more of the 'tawse' than he liked, and was afterwards transferred to Cheam. He then travelled, and in Paris walked the boulevards with the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby:—

The latter was in high spirits—so much so that when walking with him I suppose I looked rather uneasy at his vivacious manners. He turned round, and with an amused look said, 'Ah, my boy, I fear I am not fashionable enough for you; but when you are as old as I am, I hope you may feel as young as I do now.'

In 1840 young Ramsay was gazetted to the Scots Greys, and was quartered at Brighton. When there he met Sir Robert Peel, and had the honour of doing what he was told no one was able to do—he made Sir Robert Peel laugh. Soon exchanging to the 14th Light Dragoons, Cornet Ramsay went out to India, and was immediately placed on the staff of the Governor of Bombay, and later on acted on the staff of the Governor-General—always coming in for pleasant quarters, nice acquaintances, and apparently the high favour of all the prettiest girls to be found in India.

From the Dragoons Captain Ramsay was promoted into a West India regiment, and had no sooner joined than, being utterly ignorant of infantry drill, he got the regiment inextricably 'clubbed' on parade:—

The blacks all burst out laughing, and said that 'this new captain he know nothing; he no good; he ride horse at home; let us go back to barracks.' And away they all went, shouting with laughter, leaving me and some dozen young officers standing in the middle. Two companies of the 88th, Connaught Rangers, were close by preparing to fall in for parade, and they absolutely shrieked with laughter.

Being fond of change of scene, and apparently of change of faces, Captain Ramsay stayed but a brief while in a black corps, and then came home on his appointment to the 73rd Regiment, going on again shortly afterwards to India. He had scarcely got there when it occurred to him that he should like to return to England and get married. His Colonel would not forward his application for leave, but allowed him to apply personally to the Commander-in-Chief:—

Sir Charles Napier was delighted to see me, as we had been together in the Governor-General's camp during the Sikh war. I told him I wanted to go home for a year to be married. He said, 'Take two years while you are about it; you have been some time in the country.' He evidently knew nothing about my having been at home, and out again in another regiment. . . . At a levee in London, the following year I think, I met Sir Charles Napier, and went up to pay my respects to him. I said, 'Probably you will not remember me, sir?' 'Remember you!' he said, 'I should think so. You are the only officer in India who ever did me.'

Soon returning once more to India, he was appointed at once Brigade-Major at Calcutta. Captain Ramsay was lucky in dropping easily into pleasant berths. He was, however, soon destined to turn his attention to other matters than those of facile routine and agreeable social festivities. He found himself Acting Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops in Bengal at the most trying crisis of the Indian Mutiny; and, though he does not appear to have seen service in the field, he was at Calcutta in a position of the utmost responsibility. He did his work extremely well, as is proved by the valuable testimonials he received, and by his subsequent nomination to the Staff at the Horse Guards. And the work was done, apparently, under great difficulties, for the terrible Sir Colin Campbell came on the scene, and it was well-nigh impossible to please that eccentric and irascible chief. Occasionally, however, Sir Colin would have seemed to try to make amends for his gross faults in manner and in temper:—

At this time I was high in favour with Sir Colin. He used to make much of me—catch me round the waist, or pinch my ear, as Napoleon did to his favourites—when he found me waiting in his ante-room, and tell everybody that 'Ramsay did everything.' 'Go to Ramsay,' he would say, 'he is our only man.' . . . When I received these playful marks of attention from him, I said to myself, 'Timeo Danos et dona ferentes.'

First one officer, then another, fell under Sir Colin's heavy wrath, and then came Captain Ramsay's turn. Sir W. Mansfield had come out and now filled the post of Adjutant-General, while Captain Ramsay reverted to his former position as Brigade-Major. One fine morning Sir Colin swore he had never approved of an order to which

nevertheless his signature was affixed. Captain Ramsay, judiciously enough (for junior officers must *never* be in the right), produced the order with the signature; on which Sir Colin said to Sir William, 'Mr. Brigade-Major, then Acting Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, brings a d—d thing which he calls a schedule'—(he pronounced it *skedall*)—'and thrusts it under my nose every morning, making me put my signature to it (between ourselves, Mansfield, I never looked at it); and then Mr. Brigade-Major is determined to prove himself in the right, and me, the Commander-in-Chief, in the wrong.' After this speech Sir Colin 'took up a sandwich, and looked kindly at me. I now see that had I smiled or looked pleasant it would have been made up between us.' Sir W. Mansfield was of opinion that Captain Ramsay made a great mistake in not doing so; for, said he, 'Do you *not* see that Sir Colin feels he has been in the wrong, and wants to make it up with you, and you will not give him a chance? A Commander-in-Chief cannot be expected to walk up to a captain and say, in as many words, "Forgive me,"' 'This was all true,' adds the author, 'but I was terribly hurt.' The upshot was, that though Captain Ramsay received from other quarters ample testimonials to his merits, he was never able to extract a line of approbation from Sir Colin Campbell.

Colonel Ramsay is anxious to correct an impression, which we believe somewhat generally prevails, that General Havelock

was a morose, gloomy Puritan and water-drinker. Nothing could be further from the fact. Certainly he was a devoted Christian; and if you went into his room or tent at any time you would see his Bible lying open, which he constantly studied, but this made him neither morose nor ascetic. On the contrary, he mixed freely in society, and enjoyed it very much. I used to see him at all the official balls and receptions, always with his sword by his side. . . . Stern as a disciplinarian he certainly was, Puritan as regards the purity of his motives he undoubtedly was; but the writer is glad of this opportunity to bear witness to those gentle and unobtrusive social qualities which endeared him so much to those who knew him intimately, and rendered him so beloved, even by men who had not otherwise much in common with him.

Before the author leaves India—this time for good—we will let him give two anecdotes concerning his friend Daniel Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, a very worthy but most eccentric old man:—

One morning I breakfasted with him. As usual at family prayers which he invariably conducted himself, he prayed by name for the people staying with him. There was a gentleman from Madras for whom he prayed; and then he said, 'Let us pray for his dear wife and dear children.' A thought struck him; he paused and said to his chaplain, 'By the by, is he a married man?' 'No, my Lord, he is not married.' 'Ah, well, never mind,' he resumed, 'he may marry, and the children may come.'

Eccentric, however, as the Bishop was, and in the matter of horse-flesh not discriminating—for (as he told his congregation in a sermon) he bought a horse from his Archdeacon, 'a most excellent man, for 500 rupees, which was not worth 10'—yet the following anecdote would lead one to believe he was of a decidedly practical turn of mind:—

It was said that when at Bombay during the Scinde war he applied for a steamer to take him back to Calcutta, but was refused, as they were all required then on the public service. However, at prayers in the evening at Government House, he said, 'And now let us pray for our good Governor Sir George Arthur, who is about to give me a steamer to return to the scene of my former missions.' Poor Sir George, the most scrupulous of men, imagining that the Bishop had misunderstood the answer given him, allowed him to have the steamer!

The Mutiny quelled, Captain Ramsay returned to England to find himself installed in the Quartermaster-General's office at the Horse Guards, where he spent a very happy six years:—

All that happened during that time within its walls is of course sacred to me; but I cannot resist stating that the calumny alleged against us—viz., that we were like the fountains in Trafalgar Square, which played from 11 till 5—was wholly unfounded.

Unfortunately for Captain Ramsay, Lord Herbert's excellent 'Five Years' Act' came into operation at this time, and he was compelled to leave his pleasant post. He soon after quitted the army for good; and now, as Colonel Ramsay, he travels from place to place up and down Europe, trying to get away from east winds, and recording his impressions of cathedrals, picture galleries, and *cuisines*. Lately his name has been before the public in connexion with the successful movement for placing a tablet on the walls of the house where Sir Walter Scott resided when in Rome.

These amusing volumes are, as we have said, replete with authentic and excellent anecdotes of persons great and small—amongst others of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Beaconsfield when a boy, the Prince Consort, Lord Airey, Louis Napoleon, Marshal Pelissier, Lord Cardigan, Pius IX., Lord Westbury, Thackeray, &c. Altogether we are not without hopes that Colonel Ramsay will at last succeed in his lifelong endeavour to propitiate Punch.

NORTH ARCOT.*

WHEN Scott, in 1812, published his poem of *Rokeyby*, it was jocularly said by Tom Moore that the bard, having done with the poetry of his native land, was coming right down the great north road to England and was about to describe all the

* *A Manual of the North Arcot District in the Presidency of Madras.* Compiled by Arthur F. Cox, M.C.S., Assistant Collector and Magistrate North Arcot District. Madras: printed by E. Keys at the Government Press. 1881.

country seats in turn. The Anglo-Indian Government seems principally to be acting on this principle. Not content with Mr. Hunter's statistical account of the Indian provinces and their districts, some administrator starts up and gives us the history of Backergungs in Bengal or of the Godavery district in Madras, with redundant information about climate, agriculture, manufactures, and castes. The author of the present work, modestly termed a Manual, has served for six years in the Revenue Department of Northern Arcot, and he has made good use of his official knowledge and tours of inspection, supplementing his own deficiencies by native aid. The book is swelled by a long chapter of political history. This portion of the subject really embraces our early struggles in the Carnatic and in the Madras presidency, and it was superfluous to repeat what has been excellently told by half a dozen authors from Orme downwards; how we won the battle of Wandiwash, how Hyder cut to pieces or took captive a whole detachment of Englishmen, and what happened at the mutiny of Vellore. We observe, too, that discredit is thrown on the celebrated story of Clive's Sepoys contenting themselves with rice gruel during the siege of Arcot and leaving the more solid food for the English soldier. Any one engaged in compiling a county history, say of Yorkshire or Northamptonshire, would hardly think of following in the steps of Clarendon because Marston Moor was fought in the one county or Naseby in the other. With this exception there is little to criticize in Mr. Cox's scope and plan. It is, of course, full of statistics and figures. It enumerates castes, and has much to say about strange customs, and some Hindu temples which still attract crowds of devotees; and while it begins with traditions about fierce Rajas who built forts, carried on a destructive warfare with their neighbours, and were only subdued by Mohammedan invaders after a stubborn resistance, it ends with information about American missions, and the value of civil suits recently decided by subordinate Judges and Small-cause courts.

As Arcot touches the plateau of Mysore on the west, and consists of level plains on its eastern and southern frontiers, there is a good deal of variety in its scenery and natural features. Ranges of hills attain to heights of 2,500 and 3,000 feet, but are covered with grass and mere scrub, and some 1,800 square miles of reserved forests only produce timber of the second class. Most of the ranges are not above fever level. The plains are hotter but more healthy than the hills, but the rainfall very rarely exceeds fifty inches in the twelvemonth. In 1876, the year of famine, the gauge returned only fourteen inches, though, by way of a set-off, in 1872 the town of Vellore had suffered from a deluge of fourteen inches, which fell at a rate of more than one inch in the hour, breached tanks, destroyed many lives, and carried away a whole suburb. The storage of a good water supply had engaged the attention of the native community long before our own time. Dams were thrown across valleys so as to retain the hill streams and the rainfall, thrown off in its entirety by the rounded rocks impervious to moisture. Some of these reservoirs attain to the proportion of lakes, and are never dry. The largest is at Kaveripak, in the eastern part of the district, formed by an embankment four miles in length. Where the rainfall is never very copious, and in some years does not much exceed thirty inches, other modes are resorted to for agricultural purposes. Buckets are let down into the reservoirs, and worked either by men or by bullocks. A third contrivance consists of a basket of leaves, worked by a couple of persons, who jerk it up to the level to be reached. An exactly similar contrivance is used in Lower Bengal. We hear, too, of wells, though the statistics of these minute but important works are obviously deficient. One Government estate returns more than ten thousand, and two others are blank. In the early stages of our administration some Collector bethought himself of annexing all wells as the property of Government. It will easily be conceived that no more were sunk by Ryots till the mistake was remedied by administrators with clearer notions about public and private rights. More recently favourable terms have been granted to the cultivation of "wet" or irrigated lands as opposed to what depends on rainfall only and is termed "dry."

The chapter on the Settlement of the Revenue is full of instruction, and, in its main features, easily understood. Originally it seems that both in Hindu and in Mohammedan times lands were held and cultivated by a set of men with *Kaniatchi* or *Mirasi* rights. No apportionment of lands was made, but each sharer was considered bound to cultivate a certain portion with a specified number of ploughs and labourers. At harvest-time the gross produce of the shares was thrown into one lot, the share of the State was deducted, and a redistribution was made of the rest. This process, however, was not uniform. Periodical allotments ceased, shares became saleable, and some one individual, either by energy or sheer encroachment, became the possessor of a whole village. It seems, however, that during the Mussulman rule, and probably down to the end of the last century, North Arcot exhibited specimens of a complete village corporation or community. There was a head-man who was a sort of petty magistrate, and who collected the dues of Government from the other *Mirásidars*. There were accountants, constables, messengers, and astrologers. There was a village carpenter and a blacksmith. There was a washerman, a potter, and a barber. There was a banker or merchant, besides shepherds, snake doctors, and other minor personages. All these functionaries were remunerated by assignments of land. With those conservative instincts which fortunately actuated the East India Company and its servants in all early Settlement operations, Mohammedan practices were adopted bodily in each

ceded or conquered province, with just so much of Hindu precedent and tradition as Nawabs and Nizams had not entirely swept away. But very soon ensued one of those sharp conflicts of opinion as to the parties who should be held responsible for the punctual payment of the Government revenue, and as to the actual yearly amount which they were to pay. One party wished to build up the *Mirásí* system again, and to make all sharers jointly and severally responsible for the Government share. Another, headed by Mr. Graeme, for fifteen years stood stoutly for what is familiar as the Ryotwary System of Munro and of the larger portion of the Madras Presidency. Naturally, while facts were accumulated and opinions were matured, a good many blunders were committed. The assessment was pitched too high. Ill-paid native subordinates were guilty of favouritism and fraud. One or two Englishmen proved quite incompetent to the task of unravelling the intricacies of opposite revenue systems, and of getting at sound conclusions when it was the interest of *Kurnums* and *Monigars* to deceive. At length, under the management and direction of such men as Mr. J. D. Robinson, Mr. J. Bourdillon, and some others, the assessment was placed on an equitable and satisfactory footing. The revenue, after a remission on wet and dry lands amounting to four lacks and a half of rupees, was fixed at about twelve lacks of rupees, or 120,000*l.* in the year. This amount, by a comparison of schedules with the narrative, we make out to be paid by about 200,000 Ryots, or tenants of the State, of whom a very considerable portion are assessed as low as ten rupees, or 1*l.* a year. Some pay above ten and below thirty rupees. Rather more than two hundred persons pay more than one hundred rupees and less than two hundred and fifty, and only five persons pay more than five hundred and under one thousand rupees. Besides the above, derivable from settlements with tenants subject to revision every five years, several large Zemindars pay considerable sums as *Peshcash*, or tribute, though not at all disproportionate to the amount which they collect and retain. And there is a third source of revenue from assignments of lands otherwise granted for charitable purposes. But we own that it is difficult to be certain of these figures, and not easy to reconcile those given at page 307 with those in the appendix, page 417. It may, however, be safely laid down, from page 18, that the total revenue of the district from all sources—land, tribute, Excise, and stamps—now reaches 21*l* lacks of rupees, or little short of 215,000*l.* in the year. There are some South American Republics which would be glad if they could boast of an amount of taxation as punctually paid by a loyal and contented population, without any repudiation of debt or a violent revolution once in every five years.

For the Anglo-Indian pure and simple the history of the Settlement of his district must transcend everything else in interest. Nothing can go on well till this is done. Crime will increase, education will make no progress, advancement of all kinds will be merely nominal, if the cultivators do not know their rights, privileges, liabilities, and times of payment. But there are many other topics for the antiquary, the Pundit, and the sportsman. Vellore has a *mantappam*, or hall, in which the idol is placed on the yearly celebration of his marriage, with groups of pillars joined by stone panels, with an elaborate cornice, and with "monolithic figures of marvellous beauty." At Tirumala, known to English as Upper Tirupati, there is another *mantappam*, of one thousand pillars. This edifice is said to have been built more than three thousand years before the Christian era, and to have before it a destiny of five thousand years, after which the offerings of votaries will fail. This evidently decaying temple somewhat compensates by the high order of the sculptures for a mean and ill-built town, and a filthy tank, green, "stagnant, and odorous," in which pilgrims are miraculously cleansed from sin and mental defilement. We regret to add that, if pilgrims from all parts of India do get purified in this process, they have contrived, on the other hand, completely to demoralize the resident population. Hardly anywhere else are there so many rogues and cheats, and there is said not to be a modest woman in the town. During a local festival, held in April or May, buffaloes, goats, sheep, and fowls are sacrificed to a figure of clay and straw, which is afterwards burst; and Brahmins and men of respectable castes dress "up as kings, zemindars, and religious mendicants," and pierce their heads and limbs with nails. Game is fairly abundant in the neighbouring hills, and the maidenhair fern is found there in the rocks. In the western part of the district there is an extraordinary collection of edifices, called by the natives the temples of the Pandavas, or descendants of the mythic Pandus. Modern research declares them to be Kistvaens, or sepulchral cells. They are six hundred in number, and appear to be surrounded by three rings of upright stone slabs. By excavation some beads, sepulchral trays, and other relics have been discovered. A full description by an officer of the Trigonometrical Survey has been imported into the text. At Ranipett, not far from Arcot itself, a pleasing monument of the Mohammedan administration exists in a garden, three miles long, said to contain nine hundred thousand trees, mango, orange, coco-nut, and others. It is consequently known as the Nau-Lakh-Bagh. Tradition ascribes it to a Nawab, who cut down existing woods, and was so plagued by the cries of birds deprived of their natural shelter and nesting places, that he laid out the new plantation to keep them quiet.

Several ancient proverbs remind us that Mr. Hunter, possibly from circumstances over which he had no control, has published very few couplets or sayings in his Statistical volumes. One-weatherwise prophet has said in Telugu that "a distant halo round the moon betokens speedy rainfall, but a halo close round

her shows that rain is distant." Virgil had said something of the kind but without this marked distinction:—

Luna, revertentes cum primum colligit ignes,
Si nigrum oscuro comprenderit aera cornu,
Maximus agricolis pelagoque parabitur imber.

And, again, "red sky in the morning means speedy rain" somewhat corresponds to the warning in the Second Georgic to look out for showers when the sun

Nascentem maculis variaverit ortum
Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbis.

Our own English proverb is to the same effect.

Some customs of the lower castes are almost unique. The Koravas are thieves by profession; and, when one member is caught and imprisoned, the wife selects another partner during her husband's absence, and returns to the latter when his sentence expires. The Bhatturakas are described as "intelligent and educated." They speak several languages, have studied Sanskrit, and "can personate any caste and deceive any one." Yanadis eat frogs and devour game half-raw. Irulas bury their dead. Lubbays are in descent partly Mussulmans and partly Hindus, and are despised by orthodox Mohammedans in consequence. We notice that the author translates the Sanskrit epithet *Padmavati* as "lotus born." More correctly it is "the possessor of the lotus"; and the prefix *Sri* is usually a mere term of respect, as "sir" or "worshipful," and is not the equivalent for a "spider." This whole compilation is very creditable to one of the new race of civilians. We doubt whether so much information, so well put together, can be found in one volume about any one English county. There are, no doubt, county histories full of information about old acres and new men. There is the *Domesday Book* recently published by Parliament, which gives the acreage and the supposed rent-roll of every owner of land in England and Scotland. And there are *Rambles*, and *Guidebooks*, and *Walking Tours*, which describe scenery, ruins, roads, and rivers. But the manual before us combines a variety of information which for English counties would have to be sought for in half a dozen works.

CARDUCCI'S POEMS.*

SIGNOR CARDUCCI is known to students as the author of several valuable works on Italian literature. He is also known, at least by name, to a wider circle of readers as a poet. In the latter capacity his reputation, however, is much greater on the Continent than in England, where the interest felt in foreign poetry, even among educated people, is curiously languid. It is to this indifference only that we can attribute the fact that Signor Carducci's poetry stands in need of an introduction to English readers. Without being blind to obvious defects in his work, and without claiming for him merits such as would entitle him to a place among the great poets, we can safely recommend persons who are familiar with Italian to read what he has written, and particularly what he has written last, with the assurance that they will not only enjoy what they have read, but return to it with undiminished interest and pleasure.

The biography prefixed to the poems of Signor Carducci informs us that he was born in 1836 near Pietrasanta, and that he is descended from the Florentine family of the same name. He was early taught Latin by his father; Greek he did not acquire till later. It is characteristic of him that Dante, whose influence few gifted Italians have escaped, seems never to have moved him; his tastes from the first were classical and anti-mediaeval. From the age of twelve he began to write verses, with the success which usually attends these precocious efforts. His studies were interrupted by attacks of malarious fever, which lasted for two years; and the remedy, quinine, which he took in large quantities, proved in his case, as it often does, almost as bad as the disease. "Aveva visioni incredibili." After studying for a time with the Scolopi in Florence, he went to the University of Pisa, where he graduated in 1856. For the year following he was a public teacher at San Miniato, then a private teacher for two years at Florence, and in 1859 became Professor, first of Greek, and then of Latin, at Pistoia. In 1860, while the Ministry of Public Instruction was held by the illustrious Mamiani, he was transferred to a professorship at Bologna, which he still, we understand, holds. In 1868, at the age of thirty-two, he began to study German, of which he hitherto had only known the elements. This new direction to his studies was the turning-point of his literary career. Classical antiquity, or rather that part of it which appears in Latin literature, had hitherto been his ideal; he now came under a new influence, wholly different in kind, but which, unlike mediaeval mysticism, attracted instead of repelling him. Of all German writers Heine affected him most, and echoes of Heine meet us constantly in all his later poems. Yet Signor Carducci neither plagiarises nor loses his individuality; he remains himself, and the fusion of the old and the new ideal in his writings is natural and harmonious. Literature, however, did not absorb the whole of his attention. He has always been a keen politician, and passed for one of the shining lights of

the Republican party in Italy. He had already in 1863 won the approbation of the enlightened and judicious persons who compose that party by his "Hymn to Satan," in which our ghostly foe is represented as the universal fountain of life, energy, and joy. "The soul of Carducci," writes an admiring critic, "seems to unite the rebellious indignation of Capaneus with an instinctive and affectionate generosity." This verdict was ratified by the electors of Lungo di Romagna, who in 1876 sent the poet as deputy to the Italian Parliament. But he never served in it. By the Italian law not more than a certain number of professors can sit in the Chamber; and, this number being exceeded in the general elections of 1876, lots were drawn, according to custom, when Carducci found himself one of those who were compelled to give up their seats. It is likely that literature has thereby gained more than has been lost to politics. Republican poets have not hitherto shown any special aptitude for legislation; and, moreover, Carducci has probably been saved a great deal of useless irritation and disappointment. His political associates have abandoned in office the principles they professed in opposition; and a man of "rebellious indignation" may well bear the spectacle better in a private position than as one of their supporters in the Chamber.

Of the earlier poems of Signor Carducci the sonnets are those which will be read with least pleasure. It may be true, as has been contended, that the sonnet has been of essential service to Italian literature (especially in its earlier stages), by restraining the rhetorical diffuseness of the national genius within strict and well-defined limits. But the method has long been universally understood, and sonneteering has become a trade. A marriage or a birth in Italy will at any time call forth a shower of sonnets, in return for which a gratuity of a couple of francs is thankfully received. The sonnets of Signor Carducci, unlike his later poems, have about them the fatal ring of commonplace; they are such as most educated Italians would find little difficulty in composing. The writer, indeed, seems to be conscious that this is not the true medium by which he can express himself; for, as we advance in his works, the sonnets become fewer and fewer; and in the last two volumes of his poems, which are incomparably the best, they disappear nearly altogether. The political poems which abound in the earlier volumes have at least the merit of passion and sincerity; but the interest of political poetry, unless it be of the highest merit, must always be fugitive; and none that Signor Carducci has written will have a chance, as it appears to us, of surviving along with that of Petrarch, Ficin, and Leopardi. It is in the lyrical poems that he is at his best. If they often remind us of Horace and Catullus, it is not because Signor Carducci imitates these poets—for in his lyrical poems he is always and most truly himself—but because they have formed so large a part of his intellectual nourishment and have appealed so powerfully to his taste. Sometimes, it is true, the resemblance goes further, as in the concluding lines of the charming stanza "A Neera":—

E noi, Neera, il canto
De' morti udrem; noi sederem tra' fiori
Dell' asfodelo. Intanto
Mesciamo i dolci e fuggitivi amori.

But, on the whole, Signor Carducci has succeeded in preserving his independence both of the Latin poets and of the German Romantics, while feeling strongly the influence of both.

In the *Nuove Poesie* this second influence begins to tell. But it tells chiefly through Heine, who, though a Romanticist at heart, took a malicious pleasure in deriding his own ideal. One of the best of the *Nuove Poesie*, entitled "Classicismo e Romanticismo," reads almost like a translation from the German poet. The contrast of Classicism with Romanticism is that of the sun with the moon; and after pointing it in verses the wit and energy of which would not be unworthy of his German model, Signor Carducci concludes his apostrophe to the moon with the following stanza:—

Odio la faccia tua stupida e tonda,
L' inamidata cotta,
Monacella lasciva ed infecunda
Celeste paolotta.

Throughout all the later poems of Signor Carducci we meet with this protest against a charm which he can only partly resist; how powerfully the charm has affected him, notwithstanding the protest, will be evident to any one who compares the poems written before he knew German with those written afterwards. Several German critics, finding in Signor Carducci affinities to their own poets which they miss in most Italian writers, have been led to assign to him a place much higher, we think, than is fairly his due. He is, in fact, more highly esteemed in Germany than in his own country. Some of his later poems have been translated into German by Dr. Mommsen. Dr. Hillebrand goes so far as to maintain that he ranks as the first poet whom Europe has produced since the death of Heine; and another critic of the same nation places him in some important respects above Heine himself. Italy and Italian things have from the time of Goethe, and even earlier, had a peculiar attraction for the imagination of Germans; and it is not surprising that a writer who combines with this attraction something of the familiar charm of their own household poets should meet in Germany with an admiration far beyond that which an impartial criticism will allow. The value of the estimate which places Signor Carducci next only to Heine may be judged of by the added remark that even Bret Harte, "the limpid Star of the West," must yield to him the palm. If in the gaiety and *verve* of some of his poems he reminds us of Heine, his melancholy is of another kind. In that of Heine the sense of

* *Poesie di Giosuè Carducci (Enotrio Romano)*. Terza Edizione. Firenze: G. Barbera. 1878.

Nuove Poesie di Giosuè Carducci (Enotrio Romano). Terza Edizione. Bologna: Zanichelli. 1879.

Odi Barbare di Giosuè Carducci (Enotrio Romano). Terza Edizione. Bologna: Zanichelli. 1880.

suffering is so prominent as often to affect the reader painfully. Carducci treats the ills and the inevitable close of life in the true Pagan spirit, as a fate to be accepted with a calm and dignified acquiescence. There is no cry of pain, as in Heine; and no hope overcoming suffering and death, as in Uhland. If any German writer has affected his thoughts and style on these matters, it is Goethe. Nothing that Carducci has written is more exquisitely graceful, and more characteristic of him at his best, than the verses in the *Odi Barbare* entitled "Mors," which were written on the occasion of an epidemic of diphtheria. They are too long for quotation, but the following four lines may serve as a specimen.

The Angel of Death descends :—

Miete le blonde spicche, strappa anche i grappoli verdi,
Coglie le spose pie, le verginette vaghe
Ed i fanciulli; rosei fra l'ala nera ei le braccia
Al sole a i giuochi tendono e sorridono.

This last volume of Carducci's works, the *Odi Barbare*, is the smallest in point of quantity, but decidedly the best, we think, in quality. The poet appears here in the full maturity of his powers; he has much to say; he says it with admirable grace and finish of style; and, above all, he says it briefly. The advance of years has not made him garrulous, and we can open his books without seeing before our eyes the spectre of "the impending eighty thousand lines." The longest of the *Odi Barbare*, which contains just one hundred and fifty-six lines, is that addressed "Alle Fonti del Clitunno," and is perhaps the best of all. It is certainly the most powerful.

In one respect Signor Carducci's Radicalism has affected his poetry unfortunately. It is his mission, writes one of his admirers, "to tear the *infusa* from the priests of the *venerable Imposture*," and, generally speaking, to play the part of Capaneus to what the poet himself terms "the solitary Semitic abstraction." The sight of a church or of a clergyman acts on him as the proverbial red rag does on the bull. He identifies Christianity with Catholicism, and Catholicism with asceticism, and can see in the Church nothing but a system of aimless self-torture for the mass of mankind, cunningly invented by "priests" and maintained by them for their private advantage. This view of a great historic process is not pardonable in a man of Signor Carducci's intelligence and culture. Heine, who was as gifted with the historic sense as Signor Carducci appears to be destitute of it, never blunders in this way. He assuredly outdoes Signor Carducci in profanity, if that is what the Italian poet is aiming at; but neither in his fits of blasphemy nor in his equally profane recantation does he ever treat the great religions of the world as if they were priestly manufactures. Nor would German culture have tolerated a conception as puerile as it is obsolete. The "Hymn to Satan" is a clever and amusing *gaminerie*, with which a critic will no more find fault than with Burns's "Address to the De'il"; but Signor Carducci's anti-clerical frenzy, breaking out, as it does, at all times and places, introduces, to our mind, a discordant and offensive note into his poetry. With this qualification, it may be said to be eminently enjoyable. Especially in the later volumes there are many pieces which may be read and re-read with increasing pleasure and admiration.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.*

OUR sincere, though somewhat tardy, congratulations are due both to the editor and to the publisher of this important work, which has now, after eighteen years of labour, reached its completion. *The Speaker's Commentary* has gone on steadily improving from its first to its last volume, and the critical and exegetical matter contained in the annotations of the New Testament is both larger in quantity and better in quality than what was provided by the divines who undertook the sacred books of the older Covenant. The final volume of the series now before us is beyond a doubt the best executed of all, with the single exception, perhaps, of the one containing Dr. Westcott's admirable monograph on the Fourth Gospel. At the same time, Archdeacon Lee's treatment of that most difficult of all books, the Apocalypse, is very little, if at all, inferior to the masterpiece of the Cambridge Professor.

A simple and manly preface by the general editor is prefixed to this volume, recounting the circumstances of the origin and the completion of the whole undertaking. There is, we are scarcely surprised to see, a little soreness in Canon Cook's mind as to the Revised Version of the New Testament, which made its appearance rather more than a year ago, while *The Speaker's Commentary* was not yet completed. Not only did the work of the Company of Westminster Revisers take no notice whatever of the labours in the same field of the able contributors to *The Speaker's Commentary*, so far as they were already published, but in some respects it superseded them. Undoubtedly it would have been possible—and it would certainly have been courteous—for the Revisers to have made themselves acquainted with the results of the scholarship which Mr. Cook's coadjutors brought to the study of the text and the translation of the Authorized Version. For the commentaries, if not published, were, as the editor tells us, in print, and already stereotyped. But the truth is that the aims of the two bodies were not identical. The writers of *The Speaker's Commentary* had

no object beyond that of correcting the *Textus Receptus* where it was plainly wrong, and generally amending its English translation. The Revisers, on the other hand, not only adopted a practically new text, but, by their insatiable love of unimportant corrections, made a practically new version. In the latter particular we think that they were ill advised, and we agree with Mr. Cook that the Company exceeded the authority which they had received from the Convocation of Canterbury. But we think that in the matter of the Greek text it was impossible—though this was not seen in the first instance—to abstain from bringing to bear upon it the fullest and most searching criticism possible to modern scholarship. And it is surely a subject for much congratulation that the sacred text, as a whole, has come out unscathed from the furnace. Canon Cook has both in letters and pamphlets, and in an important book just published (*The Revised Version of the First Three Gospels*), entered the lists against the Revisers. On the whole, he has not, we think, proved his points against them, especially as to the question of any indifference on their part, as a body, to orthodoxy in Christian doctrine. If certain familiar texts are marked by them as erroneous or doubtful, it must be remembered that the Catholic faith does not depend exclusively on this or that isolated Scriptural authority. Besides which, in a matter of scholarship, a critic must look at facts, not at consequences. If criticism is to be brought to bear at all on the sacred text, it must be done reverently indeed, but honestly and unflinchingly. Of course the critics may be wrong, and their conclusions may be contradicted by future discoveries. But, if they are to be heard at all, they must have fair play. The notes in this last volume of *The Speaker's Commentary* bristle with points of criticism, and the editor has allowed all his writers to refer to the most famous uncials manuscripts as of the highest authority. Mr. Cook himself, in an additional note on 1 St. Peter iii. 15, speaks of *N*, *A*, *B*, *C*, as "the oldest and best MSS." We fear, after his recent book, that *N* and *B* would be dethroned from this position of dignity if the sheets of the *Commentary* had not been, as he tells us, stereotyped. The truth is that, whether it was wise or not to interfere with the Authorized Version, we must make up our minds, now that it has been done, to free discussion of the whole subject. We ourselves have no fear of any permanent mischief from the controversies that have arisen, and we see reason to hope that much good may come from the more general and more intelligent study of the original text. It will be fair to give the well-considered words with which Mr. Cook himself sums up in his preface the points of accordance or disagreement between his own staff of colleagues and the Revisers :—

When the conclusions in the two works are identical in substance, if not in form, there can be little doubt that they express positive results of Biblical scholarship, and will probably command the consent of competent judges. When the corrections or alterations differ, the difference seldom, if ever, occurs in reference to questions of pure scholarship. It generally depends on the greater or less importance attached by either party to the testimony of early versions, or of the great Fathers, and to the general judgment of the Churches. To such considerations great weight is, indeed, on all hands attached. But a different estimate of their influence from that adopted by the Revisers has undoubtedly determined some of the results presented in this *Commentary* on questions of considerable importance, especially as affecting the integrity of Holy Scripture as hitherto generally received.

We proceed now to give some account of the contents of Canon Cook's final volume. The Epistle to the Hebrews has been annotated by Dr. William Kay. The treatise is learned and sound, but it is stiff and dull and unhelpful to the reader. No book of Holy Scripture demands a sympathetic and imaginative commentary more than the Epistle to the Hebrews. A man must enter deeply, not only into the dry facts of the Mosaic ritual, but into the spiritual and mystical significance of every type and every ceremony, if he is to do justice to this most remarkable book. We would refer to Dr. Kay's cold and jejune discussion of the famous text, "We have an altar," as an instance of what we mean. Any one consulting the additional note on this passage will find that, in Dr. Kay's opinion, the Christian altar is neither the Cross nor "the Lord's Table." But as to what it is, he will carry away no clear idea. Yet it is obvious, from the very antithesis of the passage, that the Christian altar is what is meant by the writer, although there may be room, in a further secondary sense, for Dr. Kay's shadowy interpretation. Strong, and perhaps conclusive, arguments are adduced in favour of the Pauline authorship of this Epistle. The General Epistle of St. James has been entrusted to Dean Scott of Rochester. Here, again, we are struck with the general meagreness of the exegesis. Dr. Scott takes an almost scornful line about the claim made by Roman Catholic theologians to the support of St. James v. 15 to their doctrine of *Extreme Unction*. But ought he not, in fairness, to explain how the Church of England can justify the abandonment of the undoubtedly Scriptural practice of the *unction of the Sick*? Persons troubled by Roman Catholic controversialists will find no help from Dr. Scott if they refer to what he says on the above verse, or again on the following verse, about confession. The First Epistle of St. Peter has fallen to the editor's own share, while the Second Epistle has been taken by Professor Lumby. The latter writer fights strenuously, of course, for the authenticity of that Epistle, and we think his argument from the internal evidence of the phraseology very powerful, even after reading Dr. Abbott's attempts in the *Expositor* to show that the work is a forgery, or at least a cento from Philo and Josephus. Mr. Lumby deserves a word of praise for his protest against the "curtailment in modern times" of the sense of the word *temperance* (2 Pet. i. 6) to

* *The Speaker's Commentary: the Holy Bible according to the Authorized Version, with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary.* Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. New Testament. Vol. IV. Hebrews—The Revelation of St. John. London: John Murray.

abstinence from intoxicating liquors. Mr. Lumby also annotates St. Jude, whose book we may therefore take out of its turn, especially as there is an intimate connexion between these two Epistles. We concur with Mr. Lumby in believing that St. Jude knew and made use of St. Peter's Second Epistle.

We come now to the more valuable parts of this volume. The eloquent Bishop of Derry is responsible for the Three Epistles of St. John; and Archdeacon Lee, of Dublin, contributes the notes and disquisitions on the Revelation. Bishop Alexander, who is understood to have made a special study of the character, life, and writings of the Beloved Apostle, enters upon his task *con amore*. His introduction is treated with most attractive originality, and, a poet himself, the Bishop enters with full sympathy into the Apostle's highly spiritual and imaginative style of thought and diction. We quote a characteristic passage:—

A great Italian poet represents himself as rapt away into Paradise (Dante, *Parad. xxv.*) He looks for the glorified spirit of St. John, but can find no form or feature that answers to the Evangelist. And in gazing at the spot to which his eye was turned, he likens himself to one who, in an eclipse, looks at the sun, sees nothing with perfect distinctness, and is dazzled by the effulgence. Certainly St. John's Epistle answers to this memorable passage. Without address at the beginning; without prediction at the close; without mention of one human name among his contemporaries—all that is merely personal apparently lost in the glory of the Eternal Word, of the Divine Love.

As might be expected, Bishop Alexander argues with great force in favour of the retention of the word "charity" as the translation of the Christian *διάνη*. We thoroughly agree with him. We think, too, that he makes a point in emphasising the definite article in the closing words of the Epistle:—"Little children, guard yourselves from *the* idols." He believes that St. John refers in this supplemental and disconnected remark to the idols of Ephesus in particular. He considers it, in fact, as a local allusion, suggested—as a final thought—by the gross idolatry of the place from which he wrote. He says very suggestively, "The Epistle closes with a shudder—"the idols." We must protest, in passing, against such a newly-coined word as to "presentiate," meaning "to make present"; a rather favourite one with this brilliant writer. Dr. Alexander's illustrative quotations are, we ought to add, from a very wide field of literature. Besides the usual authorities we find him citing passages from Henry More, Spinoza, Emerson, De Broglie, and Victor Hugo, to mention no others.

The Commentary on the Revelation by Dr. William Lee is by far the most weighty and important contribution to the present volume. It is itself a book, occupying no less than 440 pages. It would be difficult to speak too highly of this learned, judicious, and exhaustive treatise. Its special merit is that it does not pretend to apply any hermeneutic principle of the commentator's own to the elucidation of the Apocalyptic prophecies, so much as to present a complete view of all the chief systems of interpretation that have been adopted by ancient and modern expositors of recognized position and authority. This adds immensely to the value of this patient and candid inquiry. Dr. Lee—though his sympathies and convictions accord with what he calls the Symbolical school—is the slave of no system, but gives his readers the benefits of all. There are few, except enthusiasts, who would not rather know what others have thought of the mysterious utterances of St. John the Divine than attempt to apply to them their own pet theories. Dr. Lee distinguishes four distinct systems of interpretation as brought to bear upon the Revelation. There is first the Preterist system, which considers the Apocalypse a record of the past. To this school belong the Jesuit Alcasar, Grotius, Bossuet, Moses Stuart, and F. D. Maurice; besides the Rationalists, such as Herder, Ewald, De Wette, Réville, and Renan, who of course are compelled by their theory to deny the existence of any predictive element in prophecy. Next comes by far the largest school of interpreters, who adopt what Dr. Lee calls the Historical or Continuous system of explanation, though they differ in their expositions very much among themselves. To this class belong De Lyra, Wiclid, Mede, Sir Isaac Newton, Elliott, and Faber. The Futurist system, which applies the Apocalyptic prophecies to the times immediately preceding the Second Advent, commanded itself to Ribera, Dr. S. R. Maitland, De Burgh, and Todd. Lastly, there is the Spiritual system, "which adopts for its leading idea the great conception of St. Augustine as to the 'Philosophy of History.'" To this school belong Hofmann, Ebrard, Hengstenberg, and Auberlen, and the present commentator. We quote Dr. Lee's exposition of St. Augustine's view:—

"According to St. Augustine, the events which come to pass in this world are neither fortuitous nor isolated. Divine Providence directs, co-ordinates, and controls them all, causing everything to concur towards one and the same end—the triumph of purity and holiness, of truth and justice, as they were originally revealed to the Hebrew people, and as Jesus Christ has confirmed them, and announced them anew to the nations." This is thus developed by Auberlen:—"Without the Apocalypse it would be impossible for us to have a history of revelation or of the Kingdom of God; for it is only the Apocalypse in which we can distinctly see the goal to which the ways of the Eternal are tending—the end and purpose which He had in view in all His doings on earth from the beginning."

Under Dr. Lee's wise and cautious guidance any intelligent student will profit in the highest degree by careful study of this the most difficult book of the Sacred Canon. How much a guide is required may be gathered from two melancholy examples adduced by Dr. Lee to show the wildness of much of the current systems of interpretation. Thus "Stars" have been expounded

to mean both doctors of the Church and heretics, both Bishops and Jews. And "the Earth" is interpreted to signify 1, Asia; 2, Europe; 3, the righteous; 4, the Jews; and 5, Christendom. Dr. Lee charitably mentions, without characterizing them, some of the vulgar Protestant interpretations. Of these an example is Elliott's idea that the founding of the Reformation Society in 1827—does it still exist?—was a great crisis in the Church predicted by the Angel of Judgment in Rev. xiv. In perusing this Commentary we have been struck particularly by the judgment and moderation displayed in the examination of the number of the Beast. Dr. Lee sums up this discussion in the words of Bellarmine:—"Verissima igitur sententia est eorum qui ignorantiam suam confituntur." We notice a new suggestion, made by Dean Blakesley of Lincoln, that the Jezebel of the Message to Thyatira is the Chaldean or Hebrew Sibyl, known as Sambetha, who had a temple in that city. In conclusion, we have but to repeat our judgment that, whatever may be the defects of The Speaker's Commentary on the Old Testament, the later volumes on the New Testament are of the highest value and excellence, and a great boon to the Church of this generation.

A WESTERN WILDFLOWER.*

IF this is the author's first attempt at fiction, she may be warmly and honestly congratulated on it. It has faults, no doubt. The story is a little slight, or, if we were fairer perhaps to say, a little disproportioned. The first part is beaten out rather too thin, and the latter part seems, in consequence, a little overcrowded. Coming suddenly from the somewhat pastoral simplicity of the earlier pages face to face with sterner events, the reader is hurried on with so breathless a rapidity through what, by comparison, may be called a series of shocks, and back again with equal rapidity into a haven of general rest and happiness, that the effect left upon him is rather that of an unpleasant dream than a reality. It would be easy, too, to point to many improbabilities, pardonable enough, and perhaps not without a certain propriety of their own, in thoroughgoing romance, which should not occur in stories of contemporary life. Yet these are faults which experience may be expected to correct. The merits of the work are the writer's own; an easy style, a natural vein of humour, a considerable power of exhibiting character, and an unusual aptitude for distinguishing and apportioning her dialogue. Her characters, indeed, talk extremely well after their kind; there are two old ladies in particular, whose simple babble runs along in the happiest fashion, and whose amiable eagerness to be on good terms with all men and women is often pointed with really comical effect. There is, on the whole, an air of freshness, of originality, about the book; it succeeds in conveying an impression that the writer takes a natural pleasure in her work—is impelled, in short, by a wholesome form of that desire for scribbling which, in other and less pleasurable shapes, is so painfully common to-day.

The story opens sadly enough over a death-bed. Somewhere near San Francisco—the exact spot is not further indicated than by describing it as having "some pretence to civilization"—Julius Hyde lies dying, with no mourner save his daughter, Joyce, or Rejoyce, to give her the full and fantastic name of her baptism. He was of good family, and had held a commission in the army, but ever since the girl's earliest recollection she had led alone with him a wandering life among the mountains and forests of California, with no attendant but an old Indian, and knowing nothing of her mother but that she had been a chambermaid at an hotel in San Francisco, and that her father had loved her dearly. This marriage had, perhaps not unnaturally, rather disturbed the home-dwelling Hydes; and for other reasons, which the reader will find for himself later on, Julius has been, as he tells his daughter, regarded somewhat shyly by the rest of his family. Nevertheless, to this family, consisting of his brother Laurence, an archdeacon and a married man with sons and daughters, he bids the girl commit herself; and, having done thus all he can for her, he dies. The Archdeacon lives in Kent, in the parish of Charrington, whereof he is rector. From San Francisco to Kent is a tolerably far cry; nevertheless Joyce finds her way there with not much more luggage than her father's old gun-case, which, with his watch and one little ring, is her most treasured and almost her only possession. Obedient to his instructions, however, she buys herself some dresses in London, of the latest fashion and beautiful to look upon, but not precisely such as English notions would prescribe for a young girl who had lately lost her father. Thus equipped, she presents herself at the rectory, in the company of young Sir Ethelred Ashton, the squire of the parish, who, finding a pretty girl—for Joyce is very pretty—alone and friendless at the railway station, courteously, if somewhat rashly, offers her a seat in his dogcart to her destination; an offer which Joyce, who has about as much notion of the conventionalities of life as of the binomial theorem, unhesitatingly accepts. It is a veritable apple of discord that this young squire assists in flinging on to the clerical board. The poor little Wildflower manages in turn to offend everybody. Her uncle is not an unkind man, but is something of an autocrat, and something too much centred in himself to be able to appreciate, or to care very much for appreciating, the feelings of a young girl in his niece's situation. His righteous soul, moreover, is shocked at her bright-coloured frocks, her easy manners,

* *A Western Wildflower.* By Katherine Lee. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1882.

and colloquial speech, which, it must also be confessed, the young lady, who has something of a wicked wit, is apt at times unduly to accentuate. Her aunt is a kind motherly body, but a mere cipher in her household, and haunted, moreover, by a nervous dread of contamination for her own fledglings from a girl versed in such strange manners and customs as those to which she conceives Joyce must necessarily be accustomed. Her cousins receive her with very little cordiality. Charrington is to them the world, and their father the Archdeacon, the ruler thereof; that a young girl, a half savage, a stranger, though a cousin, should suddenly come among them without invitation, "to spoil all our nice times," must inevitably be "horrid." As for the cousinship, they know nothing of their dead uncle, save that he had once upon a time "done something," and that they had better not talk about him. Finally, Sir Ethelred was considered as likely to furnish a very suitable husband for Flo, the beauty of the family, and this unseemly appropriation of him, as it were, by the new comer, who at once expatiates in incautious raptures on the "lovely ride in his buggy," is naturally viewed with grave suspicion. Indeed the only real friend poor Joyce is able to make in these early days is Robert, the Archdeacon's youngest son, a young Cymon of eighteen, well versed in the lore of the stables and the kennel, but in other respects knowing only, to use his own forcible language, that "it's a beastly shame that I am kept loafing about at home doing nothing like this." The friendship struck up between these two young pariahs, the champion of Robert for his pretty cousin, the sayings and doings of the pair generally, are very happily and naturally told. The early days of Joyce's life in her new home will, in some readers' opinions, probably form the most entertaining portion of the book.

It soon appears, however, that others are more capable of appreciating Joyce than her own family. She finds herself, indeed, after no long time, as much embarrassed with attentions as with neglect; and, to her mind, with as little reason for the one as for the other. Sir Ethelred's early acquaintance soon ripens into love, and, after a sort of second-hand courtship, much like Jonas Cluizel's, he declares himself, greatly to the disgust of Flo, who, like Charity Pecksniff, had supposed herself to be the chosen Lady Ashton. The other lover is a cousin, Walter, Robert's elder brother, the pride of the family, an Oxford scholar and tutor of his College, and certainly, by all accounts, a remarkable young man, inasmuch as he is described in the same breath as "worshipping the classics" and thinking Mr. Froude's *Julius Caesar* "splendid." Neither of these suitors is to the young lady's heart, which is, in fact, already occupied, though she is herself hardly conscious of it, by a third. This third lover is rather a weak point in the book, no doubt. He is a sentimental gentleman, too nearly akin to the hero of the Penny Romance; but this is hardly so uncommon a fault with female novelists as to demand any special reprobation. Who he is; how many and how serious are the obstacles that lie between the pair; how these obstacles are eventually removed, and the proper consummation of such a story finally reached, the reader must discover for himself. As we have said, this is, to our thinking, the weakest part of the book; the part where the inexperience of the writer is most clearly shown. Nevertheless, it has its good points too, nor is it improbable that the more romantic reader will disagree with us as to its value compared with the rest, and prefer this brief glimpse of "storm and stress" to the more homely scenes and troubles of the little heroine's earlier career, or even to the contemplation of the unsullied felicity in which he bids her farewell. However this may be, and the point is certainly not worth arguing very strenuously, the tale of this little Western Wildflower may fairly be recommended to readers of contemporary fiction who do not require their literary palates to be tickled with too sharp a sauce. It may perhaps be best described by the somewhat enigmatical language of one of the characters—one of those amiable spinsters to whom we have already referred, when doubtful of the propriety of offering certain congratulations which she would be even more loth to withhold, "though not quite what we desired either, but still so very."

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL-BOOKS.*

OF the grammars on our list, Mr. Daniel's, as being the most bulky and professing the highest aim, deserves to be the first noticed. As Mr. Daniel is the principal of a Training College for teachers, we take it for granted that he intends his book to be used by

* *The Grammar, History, and Derivation of the English Language.* By the Rev. Evan Daniel, M.A. London: National Society.

A Practical English Grammar. By W. Tidmarsh, M.A. London: Bivingtons.

The English Language. By the Rev. Henry Lewis, B.A. London: Stanford.

Outline of the History of the English Language and Literature, and Reprints of English Classics. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel. With Notes by W. T. Jeffcott and C. J. Tossell. London: Relfe Bros.

History of England. Elements of Geography. By Rev. B. G. Johns. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co.

Geography for the Use of Schools. By W. M. Lupton. London: Longmans & Co.

Geographical Readers. By Charlotte M. Mason. Parts I. and II. London: Stanford.

the students, and we may look on it as a compendium of such knowledge of English as is required of them for passing their examinations before they come out as full-blown certificated teachers. Taken as such, it affords abundant proof of the change that has taken place in public opinion within the last dozen years as to the meaning of the word grammar, and as to the way in which the English language must be studied. The publication of Mr. Morris's *Historical Outlines of English Accidence* might be said to mark the beginning of the new era. It was that book which first placed the results of philological research as applied to the English language in such a form as to be accessible and comprehensible to schoolmasters and schoolboys. Since then the contents of his careful and scholarly pages have been presented to the public, in a more or less garbled form, in the English grammars of every species which make their appearance in shoals with as much regularity as sprats at every returning season. These books used at one time to usher themselves in with the assurance that they would teach every one who studied them how to speak and write correctly. Their aims are now changed, and indeed, if we may say so, raised to a much higher level. They would now not only lead their readers to a scientific study of the language as it now is, but would dig deep with them into the past, that they may bring them to a clear conception of the language as it has been. The number and variety of the exercises are the strong point of Mr. Daniel's book. Twenty years of teaching, he tells us in his introduction, have enabled him to collect these specimens of the use or abuse of words. And we find these specimens very good indeed for teaching by application the rule or rules which have been explained in the previous lessons. Mr. Daniel thinks very highly of grammar, if scientifically taught, as a means of mental training. Here we quite agree with him. However, when he says that "grammar is as much a *real* study as botany or chemistry," and, again, that "words are subject to definite natural laws," we must beg leave to protest. Words, or rather the arrangement of words, are certainly subject to laws, but the great difficulty of grammar is that these laws are so indefinite. And, instead of calling the rules of grammar natural laws, we should say that they are from first to last perfectly arbitrary, the rather clumsy invention of grammarians who are trying to reduce to rule a state of things which they do not quite know how to account for. If there be any analogy between grammar and any kind of law, it must be Common Law, which translates use and custom into legal right. If the laws of nature are infringed, we can confidently assert that some definite result will follow; but, if an ignorant person in speaking or writing sets all the laws of grammar at defiance, he yet succeeds in making himself perfectly intelligible to the person he is speaking or writing to. In short, the so-called laws of grammar are, strictly speaking, very much on a par with the laws of politeness; they can only tell us what are the modes of expression that will pass muster among educated people in the present day. For grammarians ought to remember that many phrases which were accepted in polite society a century ago would now be scouted as ungrammatical. Again, there is no reason, still less law, why one word should become obsolete and another should hold its ground. Why, for instance, should the word "to-day" be good grammar, and the equivalent expressions "to-week," "to-month," "to-year," still current in some parts of the country, be bad grammar? And numberless similar examples could be cited. The fact is that when once the ear is accustomed to a certain turn of words, any deviation from that jars upon it and is denounced as incorrect. The phrase that has once found its way into the everyday talk of well-bred persons next finds its way into grammars, and grammarians have to invent some new rule to account for it. Thus the palpably incorrect "different to" is almost universal with others beside lady-novelists; while such expressions as "those sort of," "of an evening," and a host of others, are rapidly making way. But we own we are surprised to find any one who takes upon himself to write a grammar countenance such a vulgariasm as "The cakes ate sharp and crisp." Yet Mr. Daniel actually gives this as an illustration of the manner of using the verb "to eat." He makes a laudable effort to trace the history of our English tongue back to its earliest root. In doing this he has fallen into the usual confused nomenclature which too often obscures the entrance to philology. It does seem mysterious that because a certain set of nations all come under the common denomination of "Aryan," therefore the languages they spoke are to be classed as "Indo-Germanic." However, we must give him credit for calling the tongue now spoken in this realm English from its first introduction onwards—an amount of light which very few writers of school grammars have yet attained to, in spite of all that has been said and written on the subject.

Mr. Tidmarsh, who professes in his little book which we next take up to follow Mr. Daniel's leadership, and to be grateful for his hints and advice, might surely have taken a hint from him here, and saved himself from falling into all the old errors that have been so often pointed out. Yet he asserts that the language spoken in England after A.D. 550 was Anglo-Saxon, and that the language as it was in John's reign is what we now call English. Mr. Tidmarsh has hit on a peculiar arrangement of verbs, which he thinks will be a help to boys in learning Latin. It can, however, only confuse them in learning English, which we take it ought to be the primary aim of an English grammar.

Mr. Lewis's grammar is much simpler, and therefore we think better, and the little parable in his preface about words being soldiers that must be marshalled and arranged in their several

regiments before they can be of any real service is just the sort of thing likely to take the fancy of children, and enlist their good will for the new lesson. In the second part of the book, which is devoted to composition, Mr. Lewis gives some excellent advice to his young readers as to making their "language follow close upon the heels of their thoughts," and not persisting in "speaking or writing when their minds are empty." Mr. Lewis is all very well as long as he keeps to grammar and composition; but when once started off on the history of the language, he wallows hopelessly in a bog of his own making. He also clings to the old tradition that English must not be called English till it has become mixed with French, and in his pages, to our sorrow, we find the ghost of that queer hybrid the "semi-Saxon" cropping up again—a spectre which we hoped had been laid long ago.

The author of the *Outline of the History of the English Language and Literature* has steered his way safely through this difficult pass. He understands that the English, when they left the mainland for the island, naturally spoke English just as they speak English now, and that the one is a growth of the same stock, "different yet still the same." However, having got over this stumbling-block safely, he presently falls into another old-fashioned error, that of dividing the language into given periods, and fixing a date for the beginning and ending of each. He draws out a neat little table of these periods, with the dates at which each began and ended. It is simply ridiculous to say that "Modern English dates from the year 1485." The event which makes that year of note was a battle which could not affect people's speech in any way, and the period was not marked by any influx of foreigners or fresh start in literature that could have left any lasting stamp on the written language.

These little books on the English language are each furnished with lists of those nouns taken from proper names, either of persons or places, which have become so very "familiar as household words" that the users seldom pause to think of their origin. A very ingenious blotting-book has lately been gladly welcomed by uncertain spellers. Its boards are lined with tables of irregular verbs, and such other niceties of English orthography as weak memories cannot retain. To the verbs we recommend that such a list of derivations as we find in these little grammars should be added. If one of these improved blotters were then placed in each guest-chamber of every country house, some absurd mistakes in table-talk might be avoided. What a god-send would such a guide have been, for instance, to the lady who, being told that her neighbour at dinner had written a book about the Dolomites, began to ply him busily with questions about the tenets of that very interesting sect of Christians! As a rule, the derivations we find traced in English grammars are the same in each list; but now and then one author manages to catch hold of a word that has escaped the notice of his rivals in the field. Mr. Daniel gives us the word "Gladstone" as the name of "a bag," which is a little premature, as there are other articles which might contest the claim to this exclusive right to the Premier's name. Mr. Lewis instructs us that trams and tramways are so called from Outram the inventor; and the author of Chambers's *English Language and Literature* deserves all praise for pointing out that the first syllable of the familiar pea-jacket has no connexion whatever with peas, still less does it represent the initial letter of pilot-cloth, a derivation we have heard suggested. The word is "pige," the Dutch for a rough woollen coat. In none of the books do we find "navvy," with its very curious history. This is certainly an omission.

Under the title of "Reprints of English Classics," Messrs. Chambers submit to our notice Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, Macaulay's "Armada," "Ivry," and "Evening," and one canto of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, with notes, and a short notice of the life of the several authors attached. Each part is issued at the very low price of twopence. The notes are certainly better than any one has a right to expect for the money. Occasionally, however, they fall back into the usual fault of such glosses, and, while they give an elaborate explanation of a word in common use, pass over in silence another which might puzzle an illiterate reader.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, with notes by Messrs. Jeffcott and Tossell, contains the first canto of that poem, treated much in the same way. It is intended for use as a school-book, and the notes are printed in the same type as the text, parallel to it, on the opposite page, so that text and notes face one another. This is a great improvement on the singularly repulsive form in which notes are usually presented to the reader, screwed up into the smallest possible compass at the bottom of the page, which adds greatly to the weariness of consulting them. The notes embody the teaching which the editors have been in the habit of dictating to their pupils with a view to preparing them for the Oxford Local Examination. They are therefore well suited for this purpose, and, with the examination papers which accompany them, will no doubt save both time and trouble to other teachers similarly situated.

We cannot find much to commend either in Mr. Johns's History or his Geography. In the preface to the History he coolly states that "battles have been fought and great social revolutions have taken place of which no mention will be found" in his pages. That he should thus bracket together battles and social revolutions shows that his notions of history are, to say the least of them, old-fashioned. We can excuse the omission of some of the battles, but we hoped that it was now quite understood that social revolutions make the history of every people. Mr. Johns seems to be singularly misinformed as to the relations between England and

Scotland, but we cannot spare space to point out his errors in detail. Moreover, he has an odd way of making assertions and then contradicting them; as, for instance, in one paragraph he says that Edward I. put to death all the Welsh harpers, and in the next denounces the story as false. Now that so many scholarly text-books of English history have been written, we can only wonder how such a commonplace production ever found its way into print and binding. His Geography is not one whit better, and is simply so many pages thickly peppered with names of places, with the sum of their population jammed on to them. If it were alphabetically arranged, it might be useful as a geographical dictionary; but, in its present form, it is much too discouraging to the intellect to be useful as a class-book. Mr. Lupton's Geography is a book of very much the same kind—simply a list of names; only the names in this case are without the statistical figures. It is written with the avowed object of helping pupils through competitive examinations, an object in which we should think it must generally fail.

We turn with a pleasant feeling of relief to Miss Mason's *Geographical Readers*, for in these simple and attractive pages we see at once that the author understands what the science of geography is, and how children must be introduced to it. The first part is very elementary, consisting of a series of well-worded reading lessons, in which the use of globes and maps is explained, and some general notions of the distribution of land and water on the surface of our world are given. The second part describes the different countries into which the land is divided, and the manners of the nations who inhabit them. A pleasing parable of a trip in a yacht beguiles the reader round the coast of Britain. The information conveyed in this attractive guise is, on the whole, pretty correct. How careful we should be of attempting to describe countries save from personal experience is shown by the amusing picture of the population of the Highlands, where it would seem all the people one meets "wear the short petticoat, or kilt, speak only in Gaelic, and, if they are musical, play only upon the bagpipes." The account of the Roman Campagna is equally wide of the mark. The author tells us that the shepherds there walk on stilts to avoid the malaria. But, as the malaria rises at night, this precaution would be of very little use unless they could sleep on stilts too—a feat which would certainly be worthy of Simon Stylites, but which we never heard of any one attempting. We are surprised to find the same picture of a coral island which enlivens an early page of the first part reappear near the end of the second. In spite of one or two minor faults, we hope the *Geographical Readers* may find their way into many nurseries and schoolrooms, where we are sure they will find a hearty welcome.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—IRELAND.*

THE present volume brings the Irish State Papers down to the end of the reign of James I., and it is, we regret to say, the last that will appear with the names of its two accomplished editors on the title-page. Owing to a fall from his horse, the President of Maynooth died on the 26th of February, 1880, before the publication of the volume to which his name is prefixed. How far he is to be considered responsible for the arrangement of its contents, his co-editor does not explain to us. But we are bound to say that the Calendar does not seem to have experienced any loss, unless we are to attribute the absurd misprint in the first sentence of the preface to the want of his supervision.

It cannot be said that the papers analysed in this volume are for the most part of an interesting character. Yet there are a few exceptions which are well worth attentive study, and throw light on the past history of Ireland, and on the vain hopes which seem to have been entertained that its future history would be very different from what two centuries and a half have shown it to be. In this point of view there is a mixture of the melancholy and the ludicrous in the Lord Keeper's address to Sir William Jones on his being appointed, in the summer of 1617, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. The temper of the advice given is excellent, but the preamble, read in the light of history, is so amusing in its prophetic spirit that we must quote it at length:—

Ireland is the last *ex filia Europa*, of the daughters of Europe, which hath come in and been reclaimed from desolation and a desert (in many parts) to population and plantation, and from savage and barbarous custom to humanity and civility. This is the King's work in chief. It is his *Garland of Heroicall virtue and felicity*, denied to his progenitors and referred to his times. The work is not yet conducted unto perfection, but it is in fair advance; and this he will say confidently, that if God bless that kingdom with peace and justice, no usurer is so sure in the year's space to double his principal with interest, and interest upon interest, as that kingdom is within the same time to double the rest and principal thereof, yea, and perhaps to treble it; so as that kingdom, which once within the twenty years wise men were wont to doubt whether they should wish it to be in a pool, is like now to become almost a garden and a younger sister to Great Britain.

How far the manifest failure of this prophecy is due to the neglect of "the last direction (though first in weight)" given by the Lord Keeper to the Chief Justice, this is not the place to attempt to determine. The advice itself is undeniably good—

* *Calendar of the State Papers relating to Ireland of the reign of James I., 1615-1625, preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office and elsewhere.* Edited by the Rev. Charles W. Russell, D.D., and John P. Prendergast, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co.

namely, "that he shall endeavour to proceed resolutely and constantly (and yet with due temperance and equality) in matters of religion, lest Ireland civil be worse to us than Ireland savage" (p. 167).

Undoubtedly there is much more of what may be called "Ireland savage" in this volume than of "Ireland civil." Quite at the end, almost the last document, is "The Petition of the Lady Letitia, Baroness of Offaly, to the King." She complains of her neighbours, the ancient Irish, *especially the better sort*, who were unwilling to have English settlers among them, "daily perpetrating one horrid act or other within her manor." One of her tenants had been plundered of all his goods, and left for dead; her bailiff had been murdered for impounding the cattle of an Irish proprietor for trespass on her land; another of her tenants had been found killed, with eleven wounds on his body, for giving information against thieves who had stolen her and her tenants' cattle. Such outrages seem to have been so common that there was danger of their perpetrators escaping from justice, and so the lady petitions the King to write to the Lord Deputy and Council "to require the Justices of Assize that those murderers and other offenders who daily molested her and her servants and tenants, being apprehended, might receive condign punishment" (p. 587).

Perhaps the most prominent feature in the history of the period is the difficulty of enforcing penal laws, owing to the multiplicity of offenders. None of the Lords Deputies seems to have succeeded in making himself complete master of the position. Chichester had held the office for more than a dozen years, and during the period occupied by this volume it was held by St. John and Falkland. The last volume had been occupied mainly with the details of the settlement, if settlement it can be called, of Ulster. This plantation was, as the editor speaks of it, the great event of the reign of James I., and the inevitable result of it was a conspiracy, which it would have been more reasonable to describe as a piece of insanity on the part of the conspirators than as being itself insane, as the editor speaks of it. The conspiracy was an utter failure, and, indeed, could never have had the slightest chance of success; but the details of "the Voluntary Confessions upon the rack" are illustrative of the cruelty of the times, whilst the defence of them, quoted in the preface from Dr. Ryves, that "there can be nothing milder or more equitable in judicial process" after proofs obtained of a conspiracy, shows how blinded an advocate may become in defence of existing institutions. Ireland was no bed of roses, either for the English who were settled in the new Plantations, or for the Deputy and Council whose business it was to protect them to the best of their power. The history is nothing but a series of plots and apprehensions of plots against the Government.

The suppression of the rebellion in Ulster was almost the last act of Chichester's Deputyship. But, though the King in recalling him was pleased to say that things have been reduced into as good a form by his exertions, it is evident from the instructions to the Lords Justices who were temporarily to supply his room that "the true service of God," as it was called, was in a poor state, and that the "endeavour to reduce that people from their errors in religion" had met with little success—a result not much to be wondered at when the state of the clergy and bishops of the Established Church is considered. These papers reveal an amount of grasping covetousness on the part of ecclesiastics which could hardly perhaps be found anywhere but in Ireland. Thus a patent is granted to one Barham of half the fruits of ecclesiastical benefices which he shall discover to have been concealed by archbishops, bishops, deans, and others since the commencement of the reign; whilst the inability to enforce the penalty of a shilling a Sunday for non-attendance at the churches of the Establishment, and the proposal to farm it for 10,000*l.* a year, shows how little the temper of the people or the best method of inducing them to conformity was understood. Sir Francis Annesley was undoubtedly right in dissuading the attempt, on the ground that the bulk of the country consisted of recusants, and that no subject ought to be entrusted with enforcing what might be made to produce more than 100,000*l.* a year. He says:—"There is no one affair in this Kingdom the well managing whereof requires more grand consideration for the matter and temperate execution than the manner of levying that penalty" (p. 185).

The editor in his preface has referred to most of the more important documents—that is, so far as his restriction to fifty pages allowed him—but has carefully abstained from expressing any opinion as to the policy of the methods adopted for enforcing or evading the enforcement of the laws and the instructions received from the Privy Council in England which were issued from time to time, frequently in direct contradiction one to another. Especially is this the case as regards the treatment of recusants, which seemed to be made to depend entirely on the chances of the success of the projected Spanish match. The breaking off of this project was a signal for a new Proclamation, issued January 24, 1624, for the banishment of Popish bishops and Jesuits. The probability of troubles arising out of it is graphically described in a letter from Annesley to Sir Edward Conway, who says that a company of rebels lately rescued a prisoner from a constable who with seven or eight others was taking him to Tyrone to the assizes, and murdered the constable, carrying the delinquent into the woods with them. He adds, with the utmost naïveté, "I know well this is a trifle to speak of in this kingdom where such courses have been frequent, and where there are now many others in several counties upon their keeping, as they call it here; yet, because of a sudden they appear bolder than they had done for a long time, it is fit to

look to them betimes, and that the soldiers who must prosecute them may have some better encouragement than they have had lately, otherwise small parties of declared rebels will increase their numbers, if the priests lend their arts to such mischievous courses."

There is one point on which this volume is remarkably silent. We should have expected to find some notice of the celebrated Convocation held at Dublin which established the well-known Irish Articles of 1616, as the faith of the Church of Ireland. But there is only one reference to this Convocation in the course of these papers; and this is merely a notification on the part of the Primate of Armagh to the King that they have granted him a subsidy.

The history of the successive plantations along the eastern coast of Ireland will be found detailed as that of Wexford was in the preceding volume. The plantation of Longford belongs to the time when St. John was Deputy. That of Leitrim was completed by his successor, Falkland. The process exhibited pretty much the same amount of injustice everywhere. The territories were recovered by His Majesty by verdict and judgment in the Exchequer, and the natives declared to be intruders. It is the same story, *mutatis mutandis*, everywhere. The plantations are plundered and the settlers murdered by people who are designated as "a crew of wicked rogues instigated by Popish priests and other ill-disposed neighbours" (p. 304). Such is the brief history of the plantations in Ulster and along the sea-coast from Dublin to Waterford, and subsequently of Leitrim and Westmeath and others. The consequences of this miserable want of common sense in dealing with the civil rights and religious prejudices of the natives will appear in subsequent volumes of this series of Irish State Papers. Meanwhile we have in the present volume an occasional gleam of hope on the part of Irish Catholics, as the Spanish match seemed likely to succeed, and after its failure they counted much on the probability of the French alliance. In this relation there is a remarkable document entitled a "Memorial presented to the Pope and the Cardinals, by the Archbishop of Armagh, in the Name of the Clergy of Ireland." The Archbishop, after expressing his opinion that nothing would promote the interests of Catholics more than such a marriage, especially a marriage with his Catholic Majesty of Spain, states that caution would be necessary in the attempt to abrogate the laws against them, owing to the inveterate prejudice existing in the Lower House of Parliament, and the oath of supremacy which all the members were obliged to take. He recommends, therefore, a temporary suspension in the execution of all such laws. In return for this favour, Catholics would be willing to contribute a larger sum of money for the King's use than he at present received from all their fines, penalties, and forfeitures. For the performance of this contract, other kings, both Catholic and Protestant, and especially the King of Denmark, who was uncle to the prince, might be expected to become sureties. If no such stipulation were made, the Archbishop thinks that the case of Catholics would be worse than it now is, owing to the greater difficulty of making an appeal to Spain when a Spanish princess was Queen Consort. The memorial, which is not dated, must belong to the year 1623. But the breaking off of the project rendered all the suggestions of the Archbishop abortive, and almost the last document in the volume exhibits Falkland in the pursuit of the discovery of a dangerous conspiracy which seems to have spread far in Lower Leinster. Falkland is evidently much in the dark as to the proceedings of the conspirators, and can only advise the King in general terms, that "The only sure and safe way is thereupon to build a fort, to settle a garrison, and establish a plantation which may break the dependencies on the great ones there, and be near them to discern and overawe them in their proceedings."

THOMPSON'S ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN ELECTRICITY.*

A SECOND edition of this most valuable little book has lately been published, and as the work is now fairly cleared of the small slips which disfigured the first edition, and also has had all its nomenclature reduced to that of the Paris Congress, we can now more easily give the book its full praise, without totally concealing our high opinion of it under a mass of fault-finding. Even as it is, we must start with some objections. The following passage occurs in the preface:—

The theory of Electricity adopted throughout these Lessons is, that Electricity, whatever its true nature, is *one*, not *two*: that this Electricity, whatever it may prove to be, is not *matter*, and is not *energy*; that it resembles both matter and energy in one respect, however, in that it can neither be created nor destroyed. The doctrine of the *Conservation of Matter*, established a century ago by Lavoisier, teaches us that we can neither destroy nor create matter, though we can alter its distribution, and its forms and combinations, in innumerable ways. The doctrine of the *Conservation of Energy*, which has been built up during the past half-century by Helmholtz, Thomson, Joule, and Mayer, teaches us that we can neither create nor destroy energy, though we may change it from one form to another, causing it to appear as the energy of moving bodies, or as the energy of heat, or as the static energy of a body which has been lifted against gravity, or some other attracting force, into a position whence it can run down, and where it has the potentiality of doing work. So also the doctrine of the *Conservation of Electricity*, now growing into shape, but here first enunciated under this name, teaches us

* *Elementary Lessons in Electricity and Magnetism*. By Silvans P. Thompson, B.A., D.S.C., F.R.A.S., Professor of Experimental Physics in University College, Bristol. London: Macmillan & Co.

that we can neither create nor destroy Electricity though we may alter its distribution,—may cause *more* to appear at one place and *less* at another,—may change it from the condition of rest to that of motion, or may cause it to spin round in whirlpools or vortices, which themselves can attract or repel other vortices. According to this view all our electrical machines and batteries are merely instruments for altering the *distribution* of Electricity by moving some of it from one place to another, or for causing Electricity, when accumulated or heaped together in one place, to do work in returning to its former level distribution.

These speculations appear to us to be mere plays upon words, worthy only of a Schoolman, and to be largely due to the fact that the author, in spite of his knowledge and apparent real grasp of his subject, cannot quite clear his mind from the old material views of electrical science. This is not surprising, for the most scientific and thoughtful of electricians still speak of "electricity" as if it were some material thing. We may speak of heat or sound, because these are the names of certain sensations; and, when we have acquired a little knowledge of the physical causes of those sensations, we transfer the name to those causes and to all the phenomena connected with them. But, as we have no special electrical sense, if once we use the substantive electricity the mind at once begins to seek for some definite image to connect with the word; and the result is that even a well-read and practised physicist like Professor Thompson is led into such a terribly vague and yet revolutionary statement as "that this electricity, whatever it may prove to be, is not matter and is not energy," and so on. Some time ago Professor Thompson wrote an article in the *Philosophical Magazine*, under some such title as "The Conservation of Electricity," in which the curious doctrine enunciated in the preface to the present work was elaborated. It appears to us that this doctrine can be very shortly, though perhaps roughly, summed up thus:—"Leave off calling the luminiferous *ether* by that name, and call it *electricity*." Most physicists, we think, would prefer to go on calling *ether* *ether*, and saying that some electrical and magnetic phenomena are probably due to certain affections of this *ether*. However, this new doctrine will no doubt sooner or later receive full discussion from the mathematical physicists, who are the proper persons to deal with it; and Professor Thompson's arguments, based upon the dimensions of the electrical units, will have their true value assigned to them. Again, as to electricity being one and not two, we have once more a mere jingle of words. We have reason to believe that the state called electrification is a condition of strain, and we undoubtedly find two different forms of this electrification. These forms differ widely, and are as far of opposite characters that, by using the ordinary mathematical convention of calling one positive and the other negative, we are able to deal with these states algebraically on paper so as to represent fully these actions one upon the other. Why, therefore, say they are one? If physicists dare to speculate at all, they hold that these states are produced by strains of the same kind but of opposite direction. As an analogy we may think of a spiral spring either stretched or compressed. The attempt to banish the terms "positive" and "negative" would introduce much difficulty and obscurity into electrical science; and their retention, with a due caution against the two-fluid theory, cannot in our judgment do any harm.

If this doctrine is to Professor Thompson's works and utterances what King Charles's head was to Mr. Dick's memorial, he has nevertheless kept it under proper control; it only appears in the passage which we have quoted, so that even the most careful teacher need only tear out the leaf on which are printed pages ix. and x. of the preface, before placing it in his pupil's hands, to remove the only source of danger in the whole book. It is true that there are a few remarks on electromotive force later on which show that the author must have exerted considerable self-control to avoid bringing in his views on "electricity" again; but these observations are in a foot-note, and may easily be overlooked.

The text-book itself is a model of what an elementary work should be. Each set of phenomena is fully and lucidly described and experimentally illustrated before its theory is touched upon, by which method we believe the student's mind is attracted to his work instead of repelled from it. The explanations are all extremely clear and models of terseness. We do not think that any student of moderate intelligence who read this book slowly and with care could fail to understand every word of it, and yet every part of the complex and manifold phenomena of electricity and magnetism is treated of in this small volume. The book is not only written throughout in a sound scientific spirit, but it also contains sufficient description of modern practical appliances to make it of value to those who wish to get a knowledge of practical electrical work; and these descriptions are all so connected with the scientific part of the book as to lead the student on to apply scientific and accurate methods to his practical studies. In this part of the book we find a good example of the author's power of terse but clear exposition. He succeeds in making the principle of duplex and quadruplex telegraphy perfectly clear, to any one who has read the earlier part of the book, in rather less than two pages. The chapters on the units of electrical measurement and the comparison of the electro-static with the electro-magnetic units are most valuable. If any chapter is open to criticism, it is that on current electricity. Professor Thompson is obviously a warm adherent of the "contact theory," and apparently dreads his reader falling into the heresy of the "chemical theory," and thus makes his description of the chemical action in the voltaic cell rather meagre. Indeed, it is curious to contrast Professor Thompson's explanation of the action of the voltaic cell with that given by Professor Fleeming Jenkin in his

little text-book published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. There is no stronger upholder of the contact theory than Professor Fleeming Jenkin, but yet he does not shrink from showing that chemical action is the true cause of the current, though contact electricity is the determining cause which makes the chemical action manifest its energy in that particular form. So much indeed does he wish his readers to understand this, that, before discussing the voltaic cell, he assumes that a current can be got somehow, and then proceeds to explain the phenomena of electrolysis, and by explaining the polarization of the electrodes in the decomposing cell, paves the way for a complete explanation of the voltaic cell. It is indeed extraordinary that there ever should have been any dispute about the two theories. It has been established over and over again that contact of dissimilar bodies produces electrical separation. And again it is well known that the quantity of chemical action in a voltaic cell is the exact measure of the energy of the current produced by it. It is curious to think how long it has been before physicists have been able, like the literary critic of the *Edanswill Gazette*, to "combine their information." However, though we feel obliged to make these remarks, the chapter is, on the whole, sound and scientific.

One of the great merits of this book is its originality. Most of the text-books on electricity, hitherto available for elementary teaching, have been too much copies one of the other, with small additions, to bring them up to date. But this work is on a new plan, and is far fuller in detail than any book of its class which we have seen. Indeed, so full is it of modern information, which has generally to be sought for in periodicals, that it will be of great service even to advanced electricians; and the tables and constants which it contains will save much strain on the memory and much searching of note-books.

But one addition is required to make this a handy book of reference. At present the very full alphabetical index of subjects at the end only gives references to sections; if these were supplemented by references to the pages on which the paragraphs are to be found, much time would be saved in looking up any points. However, the primary object of the work is educational; and we venture to think that, if it be carefully read, and the exercises steadily worked out, the student would find himself a very good electrician, and quite ready to undertake the study of Faraday, and, if he have sufficient mathematical knowledge, to read Clerk Maxwell's works. And we may here say that too often the study of the higher mathematical treatises on electricity, without any acquaintance with the phenomena of the science to be gained either by the reading of physical works on the subject or practical demonstration, leaves the student as ignorant of the subject as before. Of course we are fully alive to the importance of the mathematical method of treating electrical science, and look to it to clear away the cloud which at present hides the true nature of the important phenomena of electricity and magnetism from our intelligence; but we do not believe that this result can be obtained unless the mathematician has a real living acquaintance with the phenomena with which he has to deal.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Elementary School Books. Calendar of State Papers—Ireland.
Thompson's Elementary Lessons in Electricity.